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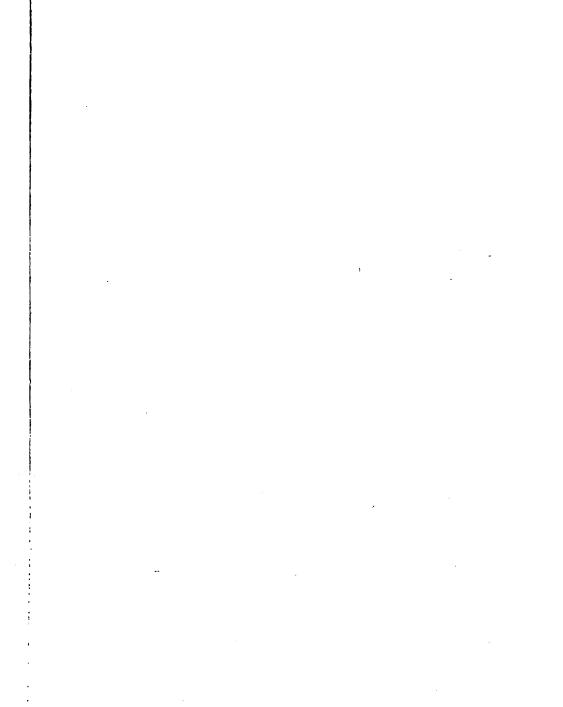
TO

HARVA





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WE MAKE OUR OWN HAPPINESS. (See page 153.)

THE

CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER, Pd.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE READERS"; JOINT AUTHOR OF THE
"WARD RATIONAL READERS"

THIRD YEAR

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY



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INTRODUCTION

It is intended that the child who studies this number of the Character Building series shall have greatly impressed upon him as he proceeds through the book the fact that we in a great measure are responsible for our conduct and its results, good and bad.

This may be taught in so many ways and connections, that a greater number of selections than in previous numbers bear directly on the book theme, Personal Responsibility.

In cases where several morals may be drawn from the same piece, teachers may in their questioning gently lead to the conclusion desired and so strengthen the particular trend of growth belonging to this period. A danger exists here, however. The moral should not be made too obvious. It should not be reiterated in the same form; in many cases it should not be reduced to form at all. What lies vaguely in the mind for some time while coming slowly to definition, weaves itself more strongly into the mental tissue than that which is subjected prematurely to definition and drill.

The Word Studies at this time should consist of:

1. Blackboard analysis of the longer words, looking for their pronunciation centers. Example: In ventriloquism, the pronunciation centers are en, il, o, and ism. In all words the familiar stem phonograms are thus found and pronounced, alone and in combination with whatever of the familiar consonant initials (simple or compound) may be prefixed to them. The parts of the word (syllables) having thus been found, the

entire word is pronounced, teacher supplying the accent when necessary.

- 2. Oral spelling (by letters) of groups of words containing such phonograms as require practice. Example: The word draughtsman, not being readily pronounced by pupils, suggests a drill on draughts, draught, laughter, laughing, laughed, laugh. The pupils themselves should, as a common practice, collect these groups, responding to the teacher's call for augh words, etc.
- 3. Dictation of similar groups of words having some peculiarity in common.
- 4. The slow group should be examined and perhaps drilled on the fundamental ba, be, bi, bo, bu series and the ab, eb, ib, ob, ub series. In this drill one consonant after another is prefixed (or annexed) to each of the vowels in turn. The spelling of these syllables should be performed with all possible rapidity.
- 5. A short and changing list of words frequently misspelled should be made the subject of exercises in oral spelling and dictation. These words should be gathered from the children's own compositions, and not taken from a speller.

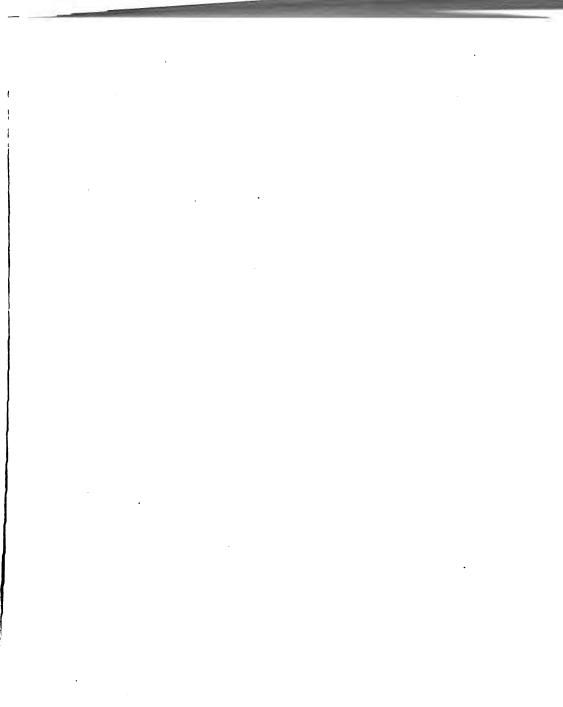
From twenty minutes to half an hour a day of these WORD STUDIES should quite take the place of the old-fashioned spelling lesson. A list of the words thus studied may be kept for the purpose of showing progress, but no particular set of words should be drilled upon for examination.

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"He who by the plow would thrive Himself must either hold or drive."

THIRD YEAR

I. "GO" AND "COME"

- I. An English gentleman owned a valuable farm, which he cultivated himself. The land was fertile, but the owner, nevertheless, found his expenses exceeded his income. Every year he fell deeper in debt.
- 2. At last he was compelled to sell half his land to pay his debts. He then leased the remaining half to a farmer for a long term of years.
- 3. Before that time had expired the farmer, calling one day to pay his rent, asked the landlord if he would sell the land. "And have you the means to buy it?" inquired the landlord. "I should like to do so," was the answer, "if you will sell at a fair price."

- 4. "And how does it happen," asked the gentleman, "that I was unable to live upon double the quantity of land, paying no rent, while out of the small piece for which you have paid rent you have made money enough to purchase it?"
- 5. "Oh," said the farmer, smiling, "two small words have made the difference. You said, Go; and I said, Come." "Go and Come! What is the meaning of that?" inquired the gentleman.
- 6. "You lay in bed," quoth the farmer, "or took your pleasure, and sent others to do your business. I rose early, went with my men to their work, and saw my business done myself. That is the cause of all the difference between your loss and my profit."

- Old Tale.

II. THE CRADLE BOAT

Rock, little baby, rock!Never a sailor so sleepy afloat, —Rock, little baby, rock!

- 2. Birdies have gone to their nest in the tree, They never made such a voyage as we; Over the billows we bound merrily, Rock, little baby, rock!
- 3. Purple and golden now glimmers the sun, Rock, little baby, rock!
 Half of our voyage is over and done, —
 Rock, little baby, rock!
- 4. Oh, the fair shore that we sail to afar!

 There every shell is as bright as a star;

 There all the roses the prettiest are;

 Rock, little baby, rock!
- 5. Mother is guiding her sailor, so bright,—
 Rock, little baby, rock!
 She will keep watch, so a kiss for good night;
 Rock, little baby, rock!
- 6. Close to the harbor of Sleep we sail; Softly we anchor from Care's weary gale; Back we shall come when the morning we hail,— Rock, little baby, rock!—John Keynton.

III. JACK AND JENNY SPARROW

- I. A sparrow that lived with many others in a public park offended his neighbors by getting up too early in the morning and beginning to chirp before they were willing to be waked. They called a meeting of all the flock, and after considering the matter told him that he and his mate must look for another home.
- 2. This he refused to do, saying that he had as good a right to stay where he was as they had.
- 3. "These trees do not belong to you," he said, "and you don't pay rent for the bird boxes we live in. They were put up by the people who own the park, because they love to see us building our nests and flying about here.
- 4. "Besides this," he continued, "I have done nothing with which you ought to find fault, for I never wake till the break of day, and do not begin to chirp for several minutes after that, when all industrious sparrows should be ready

for breakfast. This very morning I heard a cock crow before I opened my bill, and what sparrow would not be ashamed to be lazier than the chickens?"

- 5. When the other birds heard this speech they did not try to answer it for, indeed, it was every word true and they could say nothing against it but attacked the sparrow and his mate and drove them from the park.
- 6. As winter was just coming on, the poor sparrows knew not where to go or what to do. For the first few nights they roosted on the roof of a stable; but this was a forlorn, lonely place, and, as they had no perch to clasp with their little feet, the wind almost blew them away. Besides this, the man who kept the stable was so saving of his corn, and swept the yard so clean, that they could hardly pick up as much as would make a good meal in a whole day.
- 7. From the roof of the stable they moved under the eaves of a carpenter shop, and thought they were nicely fixed, until one dark night a cat

stole softly along the roof to the spot where they were sleeping, and, suddenly putting out her paw, almost caught them both in her sharp claws!

- 8. As it was, she caught poor Jenny's tail and pulled out every feather of it, which did the cat no good, but was a great loss to Jenny, for she could hardly guide herself in flying, and looked very odd besides.
- 9. After this they led a sad, wandering life for the rest of the winter, always sleeping in fear on clotheslines and fences, and picking up a poor living mostly around kitchen doors.
- them, for a little girl, looking out of the dining-room window one morning, spied them hopping about the pavement below, and threw them some crumbs. Her joy was great when she saw them quickly eat what she had thrown out and then seem to look up for more. She ran back to the table and brought them as much as they wanted.
- 11. The next day they came again, and after this, every day, almost as soon as it was light,



THE NEST IN THE TREE



they might be seen waiting for their breakfast from the hands of their little friend.

- 12. But think of their surprise one April morning, when the sun was shining brightly and the buds were just beginning to swell on the rosebushes, to see the carpenter come in at the garden gate carrying a new bird box fastened to the top of a high pole, which he at once began to set up in the middle of the grassplot, digging a deep hole to set it in, so that it would stand firm in spite of wind and weather.
- 13. Their kind little friend ran out from the house and almost danced for joy around the pole while it was being planted. And her father and mother, and brothers and sisters, sharing in her delight, all left the breakfast table to watch the carpenter at his work.
 - 14. That very day the happy pair—little Jack and Jenny—went into their new home, and before night were picking up dried grass and twigs with which to begin building their nest.

⁻ CHARLES FOSTER.

IV. SUPPOSE

- I. Suppose, my little lady, Your doll should break her head, Could you make it whole by crying Till your eyes and nose are red?
- 2. And wouldn't it be pleasanter To treat it as a joke; And say you're glad "'Twas Dolly's And not your head that broke"?
- 3. Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
- 4. And wouldn't it be nicer

 For you to smile than pout,

 And so make sunshine in the house

 When there is none without?
- 5. Suppose your task, my little man, Is very hard to get,

Will it make it any easier For you to sit and fret?

6. And wouldn't it be wiser,

Than waiting like a dunce,

To go to work in earnest,

And learn the thing at once?

- ALICE CARY.

THE MAGIC SHIRT

- 1. Once a king lay dying. The doctors had done all they could for him, and declared that nothing could save him.
- 2. The king was not willing to believe that his time was come. He sent for a certain wise man, and asked him what he must do to get well.
- 3. The wise man said, "O king, if thou couldst wear the shirt of a truly happy man for one night, thou wouldst recover." This was as much as to say that the king was dying of discontent.
 - 4. Hearing this, the officers of the king sent

out to search the kingdom for a truly happy man. They found none for a long time.

- 5. Some men complained because they were poor, and some who had riches felt their wealth a burden. Some were "worked to death," as they said, and some were unhappy because they had nothing to do. Some had none to love them, and some had families larger than they could support.
- 6. At last a man was found who complained of nothing and confessed that he was always happy. But he had no shirt.
- 7. When the king heard this, he arose from his bed, saying he would live a simple life and never be discontented again.

- Retold.

V. THE CAT AND THE PARROT

- 1. A writer of books in France named Gautier once had a cat of which he was very fond.
- 2. The cat slept at his feet at night, and on the arm of his great, cushioned easy-chair by

day as he wrote. She followed him as he took his daily walk in the garden, and sat on his knee at meal times, sometimes helping herself to the food on his fork as he was carrying it from his plate to his mouth.

- 3. One day a friend who was about to travel left his parrot with Gautier to be taken care of during his absence. The poor bird was disconsolate at being left in a strange place and deserted by his master.
- 4. While the parrot sat on the top of his stand, sulking in silence, the cat stared at him from across the room. Gautier watched the expression of her eyes, and was sure that she was thinking, "It must be a green chicken!"
- 5. Having made up her mind, Puss jumped down from his writing table, and walked around under several pieces of furniture until she came to a dark corner from which she could see the parrot and reach him at a bound.
- 6. There she crouched flat down, her chin touching the floor, her back stretched out at full

length, her elbows out, her tail waving, and her eyes fixed on the bird. Her master watched her curiously, knowing that he could interfere at any moment.

- 7. The poor parrot followed all her movements anxiously. He raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and prepared to defend himself. The cat waited, but Gautier read again in her eyes, "The green chicken must be good to eat!"
- 8. Suddenly her back was arched like a bow that is drawn, and with a single, sudden bound, she was on the perch. The parrot, seeing his great danger, lifted up his sharp voice and screamed out, "Have you breakfasted yet, Jack?"
- 9. The voice frightened Puss out of her wits. If she had heard a sudden blast of a trumpet, or a falling pile of crockery, or a pistol fired close to her head, she could not have been more startled or alarmed. All her ideas of birds that were good to eat were overthrown.
 - 10. Her eyes said plainly, "This is not a

green chicken; this is a gentleman!" She cast a frightened glance at her master, leaped down, and darted under the bed, where she hid away the rest of the day. Neither threats nor coaxing could bring her out until she had gotten over her terror of the talking bird.

- Selected.

VI. THE BIRD'S SONG

- I. A little bird with feathers brown,
 Sat singing on a tree;
 His song was very soft and low,
 But sweet as it could be.
- 2. And all the people passing by,
 Looked up to see the bird
 Whose singing was the sweetest
 That ever they had heard.
- 3. But all the bright eyes looked in vain, For birdie was so small;
 And with a modest dark brown coat,
 He made no show at all.

- 4. "Papa, dear," little Gracie said,"
 "Where can this birdie be?

 If I could only sing like that
 I'd sit where folks could see."
- 5. "I hope my little girl will learn
 A lesson from that bird,
 And try to do what good she can,—
 Not to be seen or heard.
- 6. "This birdie is content to sit

 Unnoticed by the way;

 And sweetly sing his Maker's praise,

 From dawn to close of day."

VII. CERES

- I. Ceres, the goddess of spring, once had a great grief. She lost her daughter, the young Proserpine. Of course she searched the world for her.
- 2. At last, she heard what had become of her. Pluto, the god of the under world, had carried her off and made her his queen.



Tell the story you see in the picture.



- 3. Ceres could not rest content without getting her beloved child back again. So she went to Jupiter, the greatest of all the gods, and begged him to deliver Proserpine from her captivity.
- 4. Jupiter said he would do so if Proserpine had not eaten anything while in the under world. Unfortunately, the child had eaten a little, just a very little. That was enough to bind her to Pluto's realm.
- 5. But the claims of Ceres were greater, after all; so Pluto agreed that Proserpine should spend half the year in the world of sunlight, with her mother, and the other half in the world of darkness, with him.
- 6. Ceres had blamed the earth severely for letting her daughter disappear from her sight. Now she forgave it, and showered every blessing upon it.
- 7. She remembered Triptolemus, a little boy whom she had met and blessed in her travels. She brought him up and taught him to plow the ground and sow the seed. Then she took him

in her chariot to all parts of the earth, and he taught men the art of farming.

8. And Ceres still blesses the earth anew every year, and her child is with her part of the time, and out of her sight part of the time.

- Greek Myth.

VIII. MR. NOBODY

- I know a funny little man,As quiet as a mouse,Who does the mischief that is doneIn everybody's house.
- 2. There's no one ever sees his face, And yet we all agree That every plate and cup was cracked By Mr. Nobody.
- Tis he who always tears our books,
 Who leaves our doors ajar,
 He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
 And scatters pins afar.

- 4. That squeaking door will always squeak,
 For you can plainly see,
 We leave the oiling to be done
 By Mr. Nobody.
- 5. The finger marks upon the doors

 By none of us are made;

 We never leave the blinds unclosed,

 To let the curtains fade.
- 6. The ink we never spill. The boots
 That lying round you see
 Are not our boots; they all belong
 To Mr. Nobody.

- Selected.

IX. HOW THE CHILDREN WERE FED

- 1. Mrs. Van Loon was a widow. She had four little children. The oldest was Dirk, a boy of eight years.
- 2. One evening the poor mother had no bread, and her children were hungry. She folded her

hands, and prayed to God; for she believed that He loved and would help her.

- 3. When she had finished her prayer, Dirk said to her, "Mother, doesn't the Bible say that God told the ravens to take some bread to a good man when he was hungry?"
- "Yes," answered the mother, "but that was long, long ago, my dear."
- 4. "Well," said Dirk, "then the Lord may send ravens now. I'll go and open the door, and maybe they'll fly in."
- 5. In a trice Dirk jumped to the door, which he left wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the pavement of the street.
- 6. Shortly after the burgomaster passed by. The burgomaster is the chief magistrate of a Dutch or German town or city. Seeing the door open, he stopped.
- 7. Looking into the room, he was pleased with its clean, tidy appearance, and with the nice little children who were grouped around their mother. He could not help stepping in; and,

approaching Mrs. Van Loon, he said, "Eh, my good woman, why is your door open so late as this?"

- 8. Mrs. Van Loon was a little confused when she saw so well-dressed a gentleman in her poor room. She quickly rose and dropped a courtesy to him; then, taking Dirk's cap from his head, and smoothing his hair, she answered with a smile, "My little Dirk has done it, sir, that the ravens may fly in, to bring us bread."
- 9. Now the burgomaster was dressed in a black coat and black trousers, and he wore a black hat. He was quite black all over, except his collar and shirt-front.
- 10. "Ah! indeed!" he exclaimed cheerfully, "Dirk is right. Here is a raven, you see, and a large one, too. Come along, Dirk, and I'll show you where the bread is."
- 11. The burgomaster took Dirk to his house, and ordered his servant to put two loaves and a pot of butter into a basket. This he gave to Dirk, who carried it home as quickly as he

could. When the other little children saw the bread, they began to dance and clap their hands. The mother gave each of them a thick slice of bread and butter, which they ate with the greatest relish.

12. When they had finished their meal, little Dirk opened the door, and, taking his cap from his head, looked up to the sky and said, "Many thanks, good Lord!" and shut the door.

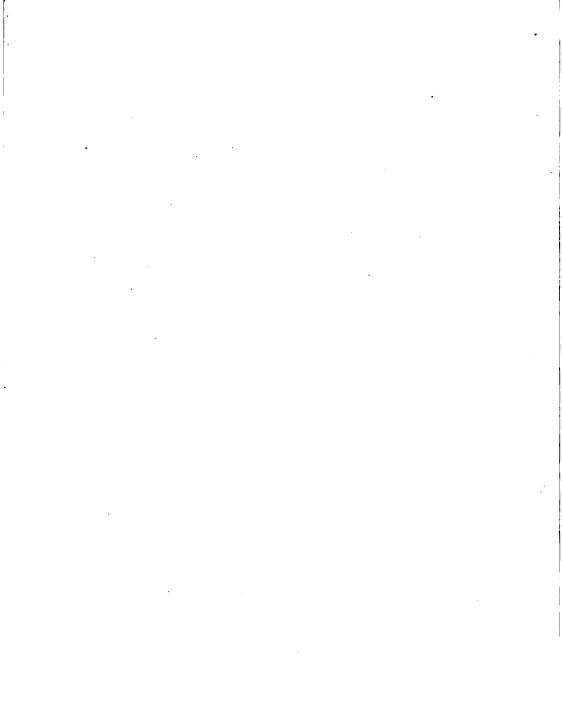
- John de Liefde.

X. THE BROOK IN THE HOLLOW

- I. The brook in the hollow
 Hath waked from its sleep,
 And under the rushes doth creep and creep.
- 2. Then, over the pebbles
 So smooth and brown,
 Goes merrily dancing, dancing down.
- 3. Now, shouting with laughter,
 It leaps o'er the rock,
 Awaking the echoes its mirth to mock;



"The sweet birds drink of its waters bright."



- 4. While over the borders,
 So rugged and steep,
 The dainty anemones peep and peep.
- 5. Then, out of the shadow
 And into the sun,
 All bubbling with pleasure, the glad waves run.
- 6. Now, broader and deeper,
 It moves with ease,
 And murmurs of peace to the scented breeze.
- 7. The sweet birds drinkOf its waters bright;The little stars sleep on its breast at night.
- 8. Now, quiet, as grieving

 The hills to forsake,

 It glides under lily pads into the lake. —Selecud.

The last line of the first stanza should be read cr-ee-p and cr-ee-p, like the gliding of the water silently through hidden places.

How should the last line of the second stanza be read? the third, etc.?

XI. WHY LOTTIE DID NOT WHISPER

- I. A little girl came home from school Monday noon. "I have not spoken once this forenoon, mother," said she. At night she went to her mother, and said, "I have not talked in school this afternoon, mother. I have not whispered all day."
- 2. Every day she ran home, with the same clean record. At the end of the week she said, "I have not whispered once this whole week, not once." She not only looked happy, but she looked as if she had something better than happiness; she had self-mastery.
- 3. "What is self-mastery?" It is mastering one's self. Some children, you know, let their feelings run away with them, and are always doing what they want to, whether it is right or wrong. They are heedless children, like loose colts or horses.
- 4. Now, as we must bridle a horse to hold him in and have him go right, so we must put a bridle on our feelings, not letting them run

loose, but holding them in, and guiding them right. Self-mastery is holding a steady rein over ourselves. This is what the little girl did. She held herself in, and would not whisper in school.

- 5. At the end of another week she said, "Mother, I have not talked in school for two weeks, not once." I asked: "How did you manage not to talk, Lottie?"
- 6. "Why, I did not say I would never speak. I said, I will try not to whisper this forenoon, and I did not. Then I said, I will try not to this afternoon, and I did not.
- 7. "You see I tried by the half days, and they made whole days, and the whole days made, by and by, a week. That made it easier."
- 8. The secret then was this; Lottie did not undertake to do too much at a time. Children often fail by trying to do too much. Every child can strive to do right at home and at school by the half days. Half days make whole days, and so, little by little, habits of well-doing may be formed.

 —Selected.

XII. "IF"

- If you only had to wish, dear,
 And your lessons were all learned;
 If father only had to wish,
 And our daily bread was earned;
- 2. If mother only had to wish,
 And the hungry mouths were fed,
 And all the frocks were nicely made
 And the children put to bed;
- 3. If the mill hands only had to wish,
 And need not toil nor spin;If doors would open of themselves
 To let the people in;
- 4. If the woodmen only had to wish,
 And the oaks and maples fell;
 If the doctor only had to wish,
 And his patients all got well;
- 5. Why, of course we need not work, dear, But could always play and read.

But — do you know? — I really think 'Twould be very sad indeed.

6. And if you'll just sit down, dear,And think the matter out,I'm sure you'll see the reasonVery soon, beyond a doubt.

- Selected.

XIII. A LITTLE JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD

- 1. The world is very large, and it takes a long time and a great deal of money to travel around it. Those who make the journey must travel thousands of miles by steamship, and by railroad, and by stagecoach, and sometimes on horseback and on camelback.
- 2. But you and I shall make a little tour around the world, without the aid of steamship or railroad or horse or camel or money. We shall merely walk hand in hand around this sitting-room in which I am writing, where we shall see things from many countries; and that

will be almost as good as visiting those countries themselves.

- 3. And first, what do we step on, as we enter the room? A carpet. Where did it come from? From England, where there are many cities which have become famous for carpet weaving. Carpets are also made in this and other countries. Those of Persia are thought to be among the finest of all.
- 4. The lace window curtains also came from England; the linen of the window shades was grown, spun, and woven in Scotland.
- 5. The next thing we notice is an upright piano. It is made of rosewood. Rosewood is the wood of a large tree that grows in South America. It is very scarce and expensive. The keys of the piano are made of ivory. That comes from Africa, and some parts of Asia. It is the tusks of elephants, great numbers of which roam wild in those parts of the world, and are hunted and killed for the sake of their tusks.
 - 6. If we look inside the piano, we see beautiful

wires of brass and steel, called the "strings," which are brought from England. The little pegs round which the strings are wound, are made of the best Swedish iron; none other is found strong enough to bear the tension. The little hammers that, by striking the strings, produce the sounds, are covered with chamois, — the skin of the chamois, or wild goat, which is found among the Alpine valleys and snow-covered mountains of Switzerland.

- 7. The piano itself was made in the city of New York.
- 8. Some of the other furniture of the room is of mahogany. That wood is also found in South America, as well as in Guatemala, where the trees grow to a great size. Other articles are made of black walnut, a native wood, found in great abundance in the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan.

- ISABELLA McFarlane.

Look about the schoolroom and write what you know of some of the things you see that have come from foreign countries.

XIV. LITTLE BLACK CRICKETS

- I. A little black cricket
 Lives down in a thicket,
 O, a jolly young cricket so gay!
 For he hops with delight
 And chirps all night,
 But he keeps very still in the day.
- 2. And the dear little chap
 Wears a glossy black cap,
 And a little black suit, neat and fine.
 With his fiddle he sings,
 He jumps and he springs,—
 Of good luck he is surely a sign.
- 3. This dear little cricket
 Who lives in the thicket
 Must have cousins and neighbors, I ween;
 In the quiet and dark,
 To their concert just hark!
 Of fiddles there must be nineteen.

- 4. And the gay little crickets
 Who live in the thickets,
 They are ever as busy as men;
 When the birds are at rest
 They are doing their best
 To give us sweet music again.
- 5. But the dear little chaps,
 With their glossy black caps,
 In the morning creep softly away.
 The wee fiddles and strings
 Are kept under their wings
 As they quietly sleep in the day.

-STELLA H. SEED.

XV. THE MISSION OF THE FLOWERS

- 1. "Oh, mamma!" cried Carrie Edwards as she entered the dining room, where a basket of choice flowers stood upon the center table, "where did they come from?"
- 2. "They are yours, my dear," her mother answered. "Your father called at Mr. Brown's

greenhouse this morning, and he sent them to you. He said that last winter, when his little boy was hurt at school, you cared for him until help came from home. It seems he never forgot the act; and so he has sent you this bouquet, with his kindest regards."

- 3. Carrie's face flushed with pleasure. "I had almost forgotten about it," she said. "Little Willie Brown fell from his sled while coasting, and his arm was broken. I only picked him up and held him till others came. But these flowers are such beauties! It seems a pity that all their sweetness should be wasted on me.
- 4. "There, mamma, I have it! I met the minister on the street a moment ago, and he looked so sad. Frank is still very sick, they say, and takes scarcely any notice of what is going on about him. He is so fond of flowers, you remember, mamma. Last summer, when he called with his father, my pink rosebush was in full bloom, and I gave him one. He was delighted with it; and I saw him, when he thought



MISSIONARIES OF LOVE

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no one was looking, caress it lovingly. May I share my flowers with him?"

- 5. "Yes, dear, if you like. They are yours to dispose of as you please."
- 6. A little later the minister's wife said, coming into her boy's room, "Frankie, darling, see what Carrie Edwards has sent you."
- 7. The lad opened his eyes, and a smile of joy lighted his face. "For me?" he whispered.
 - 8. "Yes, dear," answered his mother; "the man who brought them said Miss Carrie sent them."
- 9. The boy held them to his lips, and inhaled their sweetness with a pleasure his mother rejoiced to see. "Don't take them away," he whispered.
 - 10. Then he closed his eyes, and, with his face buried in the flowers, lay for a long time so quietly that his mother thought he had fallen asleep.
 - 11. "Mamma!" he suddenly whispered. "I have been thinking of Tommy Brown around the corner. You know he has to sit all day

long in that little smoky room while his mother washes; for he cannot walk a step. May I share my flowers with him?"

- 12. "If you wish."
- 13. Tommy Brown sat by the window, in his mother's bare little room, gazing at the noisy scene across the street. He could scarcely see through the window panes, so thickly were they covered with steam and dust. The scene outside could not be called an interesting one, but there was so little to divert Tommy's mind that he strove his best to keep watch of what went on in the street.
- 14. But it was hard work to peer through the steamy, grimy window. He sighed, then took his little hand and tried to clean the dirt from the pane. What he saw made him forget the smoke and the boys across the street; for he got a glimpse of a man bearing in his hand a bouquet of flowers. Then a knock sounded at the door.
- 15. "For Tommy, from Master Frank," said a voice.

- 16. "Not the minister's boy?" cried Mrs. Brown.
- 17. "Yes, ma'am. He had a gift to-day, and he wished to share his flowers with others."
- 18. "Oh, mother!" was all Tommy said. Then he sat very quietly for an hour or more, very carefully fingering each tiny blossom, with his eyes full of untold happiness. After all, it was such a good world to live in, when he was remembered by a sick boy, and such a boy as Frank Voorhees.
- rg. A moment later he cried: "What noise was that? Oh! yes, I know, it is little Bessie, upstairs. She has been alone all day while her mother is out working, and she is growing tired, I think. Why couldn't I spare her half of my flowers? I ought, if Frank Voorhees could spare them for me. Mother, would you mind going upstairs to little Bessie's room with part of these flowers?"
- 20. Tommy's mother usually would have minded such a trip as this very much, but the

gift of flowers had softened her heart. So a little later Mrs. Brown stood by little Bessie's cot, where the child was wasting her strength in tears.

- 21 "Here's some flowers Tommy sent to you, and they are part of a bouquet Frank Voorhees sent to him."
- 22. The child gave a cry of joy and gathered the flowers to her bosom. "I never saw such beautiful flowers before." she said.
- 23. Only a few flowers! But what little missionaries of love they proved!

- Selected.

XVI. THE BUTTERFLY

- I. "Good morning, pretty butterfly,
 Floating by on wings of light;I hope you are as glad as ITo have a day so fair and bright.
- 2. "Come and rest here by my side, Here on this buttercup so fair;

- Open your rainbow wings so wide, And tell me, are you made of air?
- 3. "You are a stranger, butterfly,—
 Although I see you every day;
 You're quickly, softly floating by,
 Whenever I come out to play.
- 4. "I want to count your tiny toes,
 I want to find your breathing place,
 And see the slender horn that grows
 On either side your pretty face.
- 5. "I'd like to see just how you're made, With stripes and spots and dust and rings; I wish you'd show me how you played Just now upon your shining wings."
- 6. "I could not trust you, little boy,
 You might not let me soon go free;
 My life is floating here in joy,—
 The life that God has given to me."

 Selected.

He prayeth best who lovest best All things both great and small.—Coleridge.

XVII. SIMPLETON

T

- 1. Once there was a boy whom the fairies loved.
- 2. His brothers did not love him as they should, because he was gentle and kind. In those days many boys thought it manly to be rough and quarrelsome, because at that time the world was young and had not learned gentlemanly ways.
- 3. So because this boy knew a little more than they did, his brothers, two in number, thought him feeble-minded, and called him Simpleton.
- 4. The three brothers were princes of the realm, and the only sons of their father, the king, who loved them all three, but in a different way.
- 5. He loved the rough, noisy brothers, because he thought they would make good soldiers. He loved Simpleton for his wise and quiet ways, and wished he were not the youngest, for he

would gladly have left the throne at his death to one who would rule the land so pleasantly.

- 6. One day the king, feeling that there were many things his sons should learn that he could not teach them at home, sent them out to seek their fortune. Each carried over his shoulder a large handkerchief in which was tied enough food for three days. After that they must provide for themselves.
- 7. They no sooner set out than the two older brothers began to tease Simpleton for sport. The younger brother answered them very sweetly, thinking they meant it all in good part, and when they laughed at his simple replies he laughed too, as if he had never heard anything funnier in his life.
- 8. Soon they came to an ant-hill. The two older brothers were about to dash it apart with their sticks, but Simpleton pleaded for the little ants who had worked so hard to build their homes.
 - 9. "They have minds, as we have," said he,

and showed his brothers some of the ants at work, and how they divided the labor between them, for he had often watched the little creatures and knew their ways.

- 10. The two brothers were interested for a moment, then they looked at each other.
- 11. "Minds!" said one. Then the other slapped Simpleton on the back and they went on their way laughing, Simpleton laughing, too, as he followed them, though he did not know what they meant.
- 12. Next they came to a pond on which were swimming a flock of fine fat ducks.
- 13. The two older brothers wanted to bag a brace of ducks for food, but Simpleton said, "Let us leave the ducks in peace. See how happy and harmless they are!"
- 14. The brothers had never heard of leaving good game behind like that. They laughed long and heartily, but finally consented to go on.
- 15. By and by they came to a bee tree. The two brothers were about to rob the bees of their

honey, but Simpleton begged them not to. He told them what wonderful little creatures the bees were, how hard they had worked to gather and make the honey and how they needed it for their winter food.

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- 16. The two brothers thought all this very amusing, and let Simpleton have his way. On they went till they came to a great stone castle.
- 17. All about the place seemed silent and deserted. In the stable were a number of horses, but they had been turned to stone.
- 18. All the doors of the castle were locked. One had three locks. Through a small opening in this door the three princes peeped into a room where a fierce-looking man sat alone at a table.
- 19. Princes must never be afraid of anything, so they called to the man. He came out and led them into the room, but without speaking a word.

- 23. The table was loaded with good things to eat. At a sign from the man the three brothers sat down and helped themselves. After which the fierce-looking man led them to a bedroom upstairs, where they passed the night very comfortably.
- 21. In the morning the three princes had breakfast at the same table. Then the man led them to a stone table in another room on which were carved three sentences.
- 22. The first sentence said that the pearls of the princess were hidden in the wood under the moss at the foot of an oak tree, and that he who found every one of them would be richly rewarded, while he who sought and did not find them all would at sunset be turned to stone.
- 23. The oldest of the princes set about searching for the pearls. He worked patiently all day, but at sunset had found only a hundred. As the sun went down he was turned to stone, kneeling on the moss, with one hand full of pearls and the other thrust under an oak root.



"They came to a great stone castle."

- 24. The next day the second brother tried. He found two hundred of the pearls, but there were still many to be accounted for. So with the last rays of the setting sun he became stone, and could no longer move or speak.
- 25. Now Simpleton, who was after all the bravest of the three, tried on the third day, though he saw what had happened to his brothers.
- 26. He thought if he could win the favor of the princess by finding the last of the pearls he might get the two princes released.
- 27. He searched patiently in the moss, but as the day went on and there were still many more to be found, he thought he too would be turned to stone, and began to cry.
- 28. Through his tears he saw the earth turning black where the moss had been, and when he dashed them away he saw that a great army of ants had come to help him.
- 29. Before the sun set the last pearl had been found, and all of them were piled nicely at his feet.

III

- 30. He thanked the ants and took the pearls to the castle. There the fierce-looking man received them from him. He took them away and presently returned empty-handed.
- 31. Without speaking a word he led Simpleton to the stone table and pointed to the second of the three sentences carved upon it.
- 32. This said that the finder of the pearls must next day go to the pond and recover the key of the princess' bedroom, which had been dropped into the water.
- 33. After a good night's sleep, Simpleton went to the pond, and there were the ducks swimming happily upon it as before.
- 34. One of them came toward him and moved his head up and down three times, as if to say, "I know what you have come for!" and then dived to the bottom.
 - 35. Presently the duck came up with the key

in his beak, and brought it to Simpleton, who hastened with it to the castle.

- 36. The third sentence gave him a task harder than either of the other two. He must pick out the youngest of the king's three daughters.
- 37. He was led to where they were all sleeping side by side in one bed. They were all young and fair, and looked exactly alike.
- 38. "If they would only open their eyes perhaps I could tell," thought Simpleton.
- 39. Each of the princesses had eaten something different for supper. As it happened, the youngest had had some honey.
- 40. While Simpleton was wondering which to select, a bee flew in at the window and alighted on the lips of the youngest princess.
- 41. After what the ants and the duck had done for him, Simpleton took this for a sign. Pointing to the maiden upon whose lip the bee had lighted, he said, "That is the youngest princess!"
 - 42. At that the three princesses awoke, and

there was great rejoicing among them. "The long spell is ended!" said they.

- 43. Everything about the castle that had been turned to stone came back to life, and there was commotion and happiness everywhere, while all things that had voices kept shouting, "The true prince has come!"
- 44. The two brothers of Simpleton became soldiers, and as they preferred to remain at the wars, it was he who mounted the throne at his father's death. And the youngest of the three princesses became his bride and queen.

- From the German.

XVIII. THE CHEERFUL ROBINS

And dark all day;
I had looked for the sun in vain;
But sweet and clear
In the maple near,
The robins sang in the rain.

2. Ah, boys and girls

Who sit and sigh,

And of dreary days complain!

In cloud and sun,

Work bravely on—

The robins sing in the rain.

- Selected

THE SILVER LINING

- But a little cloud appears;
 There's never a life so happy
 But has had its time of tears;
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter
 When the stormy tempest clears.
- 2. There's never a garden growing
 With roses in every plot;
 There's never a heart so hardened
 But it has one tender spot;
 We have only to prune the border
 To find the forget-me-not.

3. There's never a sun that rises

But we know 'twill set at night;

The tints that gleam in the morning

At evening are just as bright;

And the hour that is sweetest

Is between the dark and the light.

- Selected.

XIX. A VISIT TO THE WEAVER

- I. "Annie," said a lady to a little girl whowas visiting her, "would you like to go with me to the weaver's to-day?"
 - 2. "Oh, yes!" said Annie, "I should like it very much. I never saw a weaver at work."
 - 3. So they set out. As they were walking along, the lady told the little girl the story of "John's Trousers," so that by the time they reached the house of Mrs. James, the weaver, Annie knew not only where the wool came from, but also what had to be done to it before it was ready for weaving.

- 4. Now, there are carding mills and cloth mills in which the carding and spinning and weaving are done by machinery; but the weaver whom Annie was going to see wove in the same way that John's mother and sisters did when they made his trousers.
- 5. The story had taken so much time that they reached the weaver's house soon after it was ended.
- 6. "Good morning, Mrs. James," said the lady; "I have brought a little friend to see you weave, if you have no objection."
- 7. "No, indeed," said the kind-hearted weaver; "I shall be very glad to show her how the work is done. Have you ever seen a person weave, little girl?"
- 8. "Only in kindergarten," replied Annie. "We weave there; but we weave mats with paper, or leather, or flannel list, or braid, or tape. I never saw any one weave cloth or carpet."
- 9. "I never saw any kindergarten weaving," said Mrs. James, "but I can show you how my

loom works. The warp, as we call the yarn that is stretched on this frame, is first wound around that great beam overhead and then drawn tightly on the loom. We always measure three or four yards more than we want for a piece of cloth because some of the length is taken up in the weaving."

- 10. "Why, there are two sets of threads," said Annie.
- 11. "Yes; half of the threads go through one set of loops and half through the other," said Mrs. James.
- 12. "Oh! I see," said Annie; "and that thing that is full of yarn is your shuttle, isn't it?"
- 13. "Yes. Now see what happens when I press down one of these treadles with my right foot," said Mrs. James.
- 14. "Oh!" exclaimed Annie quickly, "half the threads are lifted up, and you throw the shuttle with your right hand so that it goes under those threads and over the others. That is like our weaving only we have to lift up our strips one



THE WEAVER AT THE LOOM



at a time, instead of all together. Now do you press down the other treadle with your left foot?"

- 15. "Not yet; the cloth would be too open if I did not draw the 'strip,' as you call it, close up to the last one I put in. See! I pull this bar toward me and it pushes the strip closely in place. In carpet weaving it is really a strip that is put through."
- 16. "We push our strips up close, too," said Annie, "but we use our fingers instead of a bar."
- 17. "That would do very well for paper weaving," agreed Mrs. James, "but not for making cloth or carpets."
- 18. "No," said Annie, "I see that; for you pulled the bar very hard and used more strength than you could with your hands alone. What comes next?"
- 19. "I press down the other treadle with my left foot, as you said, and throw the shuttle with my left hand," said Mrs. James; "then, the threads that the shuttle went over before are

lifted up, so that the shuttle can pass under them this time."

- 20. "And then you pull up the bar again, don't you?" asked Annie.
- I will show you how much I can do in ten minutes. I have been working slowly so that you might see how the work was done, but now you shall see me *really* work!"
- 22. Then Mrs. James made the shuttle fairly fly back and forth for a while, and Annie watched her with wonder, making her own little feet and hands go just as the weaver did hers, though not so fast.
- 23. After that Annie and her friend thanked the good weaver for all her kindness and bade her "Good-by."

- Josephine Jarvis.

What does the weaver do if a thread breaks?

Write your own account of the weaving, telling how careful the weaver has to be.

XX. LITTLE FOXES

- Among my tender vines I spy I. A little fox named — "By-and-by." Then set upon him, quick I say, The swift young hunter — "Right-away."
- Around each tender vine I plant, 2. I find a little fox — "I-can't." Then, fast as ever hunter ran, Chase him with bold and brave — "I-can!"
- "No-use-in-trying"—lags and whines 3. This fox, among my tender vines. Then drive him low and drive him high, With the young hunter named — "I'll-try!"
- Among the vines in my small lot, 4. Creeps in the young fox—"I forgot." Then hunt him out and to his den With — " I-will-not-forget-again!"
- Another fox is hidden there 5. Among my vines. 'Tis — "I-don't-care." Then let "I'm sorry"—hunter true— Chase him afar from vines and you.

- Selected.

XXI. A LITTLE LADY

- I. Going down a very steep street, where the pavement was covered with ice, I saw before me an old woman, slowly and timidly picking her way.
- 2. She was one of the poor but respectable old ladies who dress in rusty black, wear old-fashioned bonnets, and carry big bags.
- 3. Well, as I slipped and shuffled along, I watched the little black bonnet in front, expecting every minute to see it go down, and trying to hurry, that I might offer my help.
- 4. At the corner, I passed three little school-girls, and heard one say to another, "Oh, I wouldn't; she will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting unless we hurry."
- 5. "But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I should feel so bad," returned the second, a pleasant-faced child, whose eyes, full of a sweet, pitiful expression, followed the old lady.

- 6. "She's such a funny-looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third, as if she thought it a kind thing to do, but had not the courage to try it.
- 7. "Well, I don't care; she's old, and ought to be helped, and I'm going to do it," cried the pleasant-faced girl; and I saw her overtake the old lady, who stood at a crossing, looking wistfully over the dangerous glare of ice before her.
- 8. "Please, ma'am, may I help you, it's so bad here?" said the kind little voice, as the hands in the red mittens were helpfully outstretched.
- 9. "Oh, thank you, dear. I'd no idea the walking was so bad; but I must get home." And the old face lighted up with a grateful smile, which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.
- 10. "Take my arm, then; I'll help you down the street, for I'm afraid you might fall," said the child, offering her arm.
- 11. "Yes, dear, so I will. Now we shall get on beautifully. I've been having a dreadful

time, for my over-socks are all holes, and I slip at every step."

- 12. "Keep hold, ma'am, I won't fall. I have rubber boots, and can't tumble."
- 13. So chatting, the two went safely across, leaving me and the other girls to look after them and wish that we had done the little act of kindness, which now looked so lovely in another.
- 14. "I think Katy is a very good girl, don't you?" said one child to the other.
- 15. "Yes, I do; let's wait till she comes back. No matter if we do lose some coasts," answered the child who had tried to dissuade her playmate from going to the rescue.
- 16. Then I left them; but I think they learned a lesson that day in real politeness; for, as they watched little Katy, dutifully supporting the old lady, undaunted by the rusty dress, the big bag, the old socks, and the queer bonnet, both their faces lighted up with new respect and affection for their playmate.

XXII. OCTOBER'S PARTY

- I October gave a party.

 The leaves by hundreds came,
 The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
 And leaves of every name.
- 2. The sunshine spread a carpet
 And everything was grand;
 Miss Weather led the dancing,
 Professor Wind the band.
- 3. The Chestnuts came in yellow,
 The Oaks in crimson dressed;
 The lovely Misses Maple
 In scarlet looked their best.
- 4. All balanced to their partners
 And gayly fluttered by;
 The sight was like a rainbow
 New-fallen from the sky.
- 5. Then in the shady hollows

 At hide and seek they played;

The party closed at sundown, And everybody stayed.

6. Professor Wind played louder;
 They flew along the ground;
 And then the party ended
 As they balanced all around.
 — Songs and Stories for Little People.

XXIII. MY EARLY HOME

As told by "Black Beauty."

- I. The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end.
- 2. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook, overhung by a steep bank.
 - 3. Whilst I was young, I lived upon my



"There were other young colts in the meadow -- "

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mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

- 4. As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the day-time and come back in the evening.
- 5. There were six young colts in the meadow besides me. They were older than I was. Some were nearly as large as grown-up horses.
- 6. We used to gallop all together, round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for my companions would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.
- 7. One day, when there was a good deal of kicking going on, my mother whinnied to me to come to her. Then she said, "I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. Your grandmother had the sweetest temper of

any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite.

- 8. "I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."
- 9. I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.
- 10. Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her, and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?"
- 11. I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a

carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites.

- Anna Sewell, in Black Beauty.

XXIV. LONG AGO

I. When the fairies used to live here, Long ago,

There was never any dark, Or any snow;

But the great big sun kept shining All the night,

And the roses just kept blooming, Oh, so bright!

2. Then the little children never Teased their mothers,
And the little sisters always

Loved their brothers.

And the brothers—they were just as Mild and kind;

Every single thing you told them They would mind.

3. And they played so very gently, But you know,

That was when the fairies lived here, Long ago.

Yes, the fairies used to live here; You would meet

The dear darlings in the garden And the street;

4. Dressed in rainbows, oh, so lovely, With light wings;

And their voices like the linnet, When he sings,

And their sweet, kind eyes so loving, That you knew

They were wishing all good wishes, Just for you.

5. Then the flowers bent to kiss them When they'd pass;

And the small blades reached to hold them From the grass;

For each pretty thing about them Loved them so,

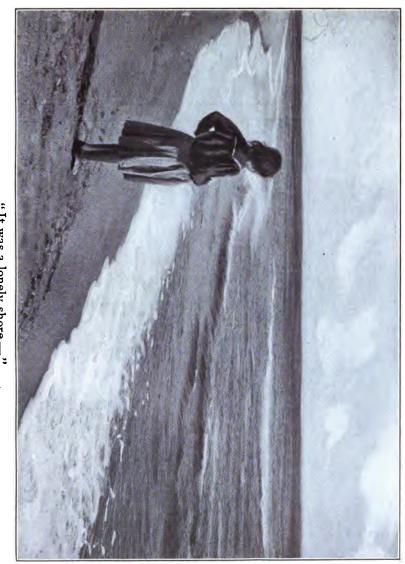
When the darling fairies lived here, Long ago!

— Selected.

XXV. BERTHA AND THE OCEAN

- I. From the windows of Bertha's house, she could see the ocean. It was a lonely shore where she lived; she played about a great deal, talking sweetly to herself all the time.
- 2. Often she sat down by some large rock, and wished there was some one to play with her. But there was no one. Sometimes she had long daydreams about her father, who went away in a great ship, and whose face she could just remember.
- 3. From her place among the rocks, she could see a village far away along the sand. There were white houses and a port. Once in a while a ship would come up slowly, and glide gently toward the village port.
- 4. "All the ships go in there," said Bertha, one day. "Perhaps my papa will come that

- way. I must go this minute, and see whether he has not come in."
- 5. She did not think how frightened her mother would be, or how long it would take her to reach the village. She ran swiftly away over the hot and shining sand.
- 6. She went on for a long time; and then her feet began to ache, and her heart to sink within her. She looked toward the village, and it seemed farther away than ever before.
- 7. The sun went behind a cloud. The waves instead of dancing joyfully, as when she started, now seemed to shout, "Go back—return!" But when she looked back her home was not to be seen.
- 8. She was lost; and then she thought of her mother, running among the rocks and calling her name. The village, too, was now hidden by a wall of rocks. Bertha sat down and began to cry.
- 9. As she sat there wondering what she should do, she saw a man coming towards her. As



"It was a lonely shore—"

10 mm . : : :4 , and the second second soon as he reached her, he put his great brown hand gently on her shoulder, and said very kindly, "My little lass, what is the trouble?"

- 10. "I am lost," said Bertha.
- 11. "And how came you so?" said the stranger, smiling. "What is your name?"
- 12. "Why, don't you know?" she said. "I am Bertha. I was going to find my papa, because mamma and I are all alone. My papa has been away such a long time that I think he never will know the way back, if I don't find him and show him where we live. But I am afraid I can't find my papa now."
- 13. Bertha stopped talking suddenly. The stranger was pressing her in his arms so closely that she could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.
- 14. "I will take you home, little one," he said huskily.
- 15. "Have you got a cold?" asked Bertha. "You don't talk right and plain, as I do."
 - 16. When Bertha and the stranger entered

the cottage, her mother gave a great cry. That night the waves upon the beach had hushed Bertha to sleep before she could really believe she had found her father at last.

- GEORGE T. BARNES.

XXVI. WHAT I WOULD DO

I. If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom,

And make myself beautiful all the day through,

With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain;

Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I would do!

2. If I were a bird, I would warble a song,

The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,

And build me a nest on the swinging elm tree;

Oh, that's what I'd do, if I were a bird!

3. If I were a brook, I would sparkle and dance

Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,

And call, "Little lambkins, come hither and drink;"

Oh, if I were a brook, that is what I would say!

4. If I were a star, I would shine wide and bright,

To guide the lone sailor on ocean afar,

And travelers, lost in the desert and woods; Oh, that's what I'd do, if I were a star!

5. But I know that for me other tasks have been set,

For I am a child and can nothing else be;

I must sit at my lessons and, day after day, Learn to read and to spell and to add one, two, three.

6. Yet, perhaps, from my books, I shall sometime find out

How birds sing so sweetly, how roses grow red,

What the merry brook says to the moss-covered stones,

And what makes the stars stay so high overhead.

- Selected.

XXVII. CHRISTIE

I

- 1. Christie walked down the street very slowly. When he reached Dr. Beach's house, he opened the gate without making any noise. The lights were out, and the family were gone to bed.
- 2. His courage gave way entirely; he dared not ring the bell. So he stole off to a place on one side of the porch, where there were some tall evergreen trees and a mound of leaves and snow underneath them.
- 3. He would sleep there, he thought. Perhaps in the morning he might be able to steal in at the back door, and nobody would find out that he had been away all night.
 - 4. So he scooped a sort of burrow for himself

- underneath the leaves. "I guess it will be morning soon," he thought: "I'm not very cold."
- 5. And he was not, except for a few shivery minutes just at first. After that a dreamy glow crept over him, and he dropped into a nap.
- 6. He woke up pretty soon with a start. Something tall and dark was leaning over him and talking. What was it?
- 7. "What a funny little creature!" said a voice which was thick and yet sharp and had a sort of rustle to it. "It isn't a squirrel; what is it? And how did it come here?"
- 8. "It is a small black boy," said another voice, as something taller and darker moved up and stood beside the first figure. "Poor little fellow, he has had no Christmas! That's how he came to be here."
- 9. Christie stared and rubbed his eyes. The moon had risen, and he could see the speakers—the tallest evergreen of the group, and the little hemlock which grew by the gate. They were talking about him!

- 10. "No Christmas!" said the little hemlock. "How dreadful! Why, everybody has Christmas! He must have one. Is it too late? Can't we do something about it?"
- 11. "Not too late, exactly," replied the tall evergreen. "We might do something, perhaps; but is it really worth while? He is a very bad little boy, I assure you."
- "Oh, no matter if he is naughty!" cried the hemlock; "he's little, and a boy, and he must have his Christmas somehow." And the hemlock gave a shiver.
- 12. "Very well," said the tall evergreen. Then he gave a call. It was more like a rustle than a shout, and more like a creak than either. But the trees seemed to understand, for at the sound all the evergreens in the yard came crowding together. "What is it? what is it?" they asked.
- 13. "A small boy who has had no Christmas," explained the kindly little hemlock. "Join hands, brothers. We must give him as much

of a one as we can before the clock strikes twelve."

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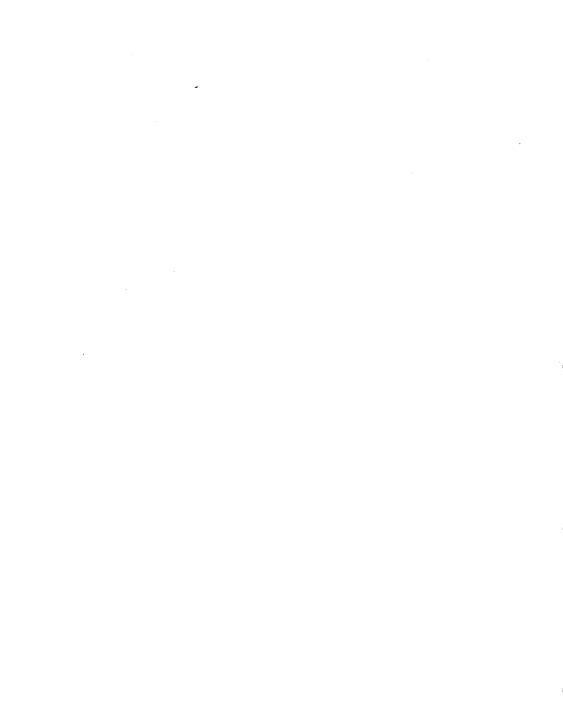
- 14. The evergreens joined hands and began to move about Christie in a circling dance. As they moved, they sang, and bent and bowed to each other gracefully.
- 15. When they stopped, the tallest evergreen addressed Christie, and said: "Pull off your stocking."
- 16. So Christie pulled off his stocking. "Hang it up," said the little hemlock. So Christie hung it up on one of the tall evergreens. "That's right," said the little hemlock. "Now, my brothers, put in your presents."
- 17. The trees formed a circle again, and, as they danced round, each in turn dropped something into the stocking. Christie couldn't see what half the things were, but they all seemed to be beautiful.
- 18. The spruce tree gave a bit of spruce sugar; the arbor vitæ, a smelling bottle; the holly, a

pocket pincushion. A pine cut off a lock of her hair and tucked it in among the gifts. Last of all, the little hemlock held up a great diamond, which glittered in the moonlight. "Here you are! This is something splendid!" said the hemlock.

- 19. Then the trees danced on again, all crying in chorus, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"
- 20. "Merry Ch——" Christie tried to say in return. But his voice seemed to stick in his throat. He could not speak. And what did it mean that all at once the trees fell upon him and began to shake him violently? Were they angry?
- 21. He opened his eyes. It was not the evergreens which were shaking him, but Dr. Beach. Where had outdoors gone to? There he was, lying on the parlor sofa, and Miss Alice was standing by, with a candle in her hand. "Poor little soul! he's coming to himself," she said.
 - 22. "Yes," said Dr. Beach, "but an hour later



Tell the story of this tree.



it wouldn't have been easy to bring him round again. I doubt if we could have done it."

- 23. "Really!" cried Miss Alice, turning pale. "How fortunate that we went out to look! I could not sleep without a search for the poor child. Oh, Christie! how could you stay out so late?"
- 24. "I want my stocking! Somebody has taken away my stocking!" said Christie, beginning to cry; but Dr. Beach said, "Hush!"
- 25. Pretty soon Miss Alice held a glass to his lips with something nice and hot in it, after drinking which, he went to sleep again and knew nothing more till he found himself in bed the next morning.
- 26. It was no use trying to convince Christie of what a narrow escape he had had from freezing to death, or that all his story about the evergreens was a dream. He knew it wasn't, he said.
- 27. One thing was certainly queer. When Rosa went out to sweep the steps, there was the stocking hanging on the evergreen! In the toe

was a little drifted heap—a tuft of pine hair, a bit of spruce gum, two or three prickly holly leaves, dry and brown, a sprig of arbor vitæ, a broken icicle.

28. "Blown in by the wind," said Miss Alice; but Christie shook his head. "Somebody has changed them," he said. "They were real pretty last night."

- Susan Coolidge

XXVIII. IS IT FUN TO FISH?

I'm sorry they let me go down to the brook;
 I'm sorry they gave me the line and the hook;
 And I wish I had stayed at home with my book.

I'm sure 'twas no pleasure to see
That poor, little, harmless, suffering thing
Silently writhe at the end of the string;
Or to hold the pole, while I felt him swing
In torture, and all for me!

2. 'Twas a beautiful, speckled, and glossy trout, And when, from the water, I drew him out

On the grassy bank, as he floundered about,
It made me shivering cold,
To think I had caused so much needless pain,
And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain;
Oh, never, as long as I live, again,
May I such a sight behold!

3. Oh, what would I give once more to see
The brisk little swimmer alive and free,
And darting about as he used to be,
Unhurt in his native brook!
Tis strange how people can love to play
By taking innocent lives away.
I wish I had stayed at home to-day
With sister, and read my book.

- H. F. GOULD.

XXIX. THE SUGAR MAPLE

- 1. When David Wylie went to live in the country, he did not know which way to turn, there was so much to see and so much to hear.
 - 2. He coasted on the snow, and skated on the

ice, and watched the winter birds, and helped to feed the horses and cows and poultry.

- 3. Just back of the house was a grove of great maple trees, where he liked to play when the snow was not too deep. In the midst of this grove was a small log house.
- 4. David often asked his Papa what this house was for, and Papa always replied: "Wait until spring, and you shall see; these big maple trees have a surprise in store for you!"
- 5. One morning in early spring, when the sun shone very warm and the snow was beginning to melt, Papa said: "David, after breakfast you will find me at the log house;" then he hurried away.
- 6. David soon finished his breakfast and started off in great haste, but stopped short at the first maple tree, for there hung a bright, shining tin pail! He wondered how it came there, and started to take it down, when he saw that it was hanging on a spout, which was driven into the tree trunk.

- 7. From the spout was trickling something which looked like water as it "drip, dripped" into the pail below. As he looked about, he saw that every tree in the grove had one, two, or even three pails hung on spouts! This must be the surprise, but what was it for?
- 8. Off he went to the log house, and there he found that his father had built a fire, and, over the fire was swinging a great iron kettle. "Papa," said he, "why is the water running out of the trees? What is the kettle for? Why have you built the fire?"
- 9. "Well," replied Papa, "I am very busy, but here comes Mamma, who can tell you all about it, while you watch the rest of us work."
- To. Then Mamma told him how the maple trees had been sleeping and resting all winter, and how the warm sunshine and soft spring rains had wakened them, and set the sweet sap running from the roots way up to the highest branches.
- 11. "But the trees do not need all of the sap," said Mamma, "so Papa has driven these spouts

in, that he may catch some of the sap as it hurries through the tree trunk. And what you thought was water was this juice or sap of the tree trickling into the pails."

- 12. Just then up came two or three men with buckets full of sap which they had gathered from the tin pails; they poured it into the kettle, but Papa first gave Mamma and David some to drink. It tasted like water with a little sugar in it, and David didn't care for it at all.
- 13. Then they watched the sap in the kettle as it boiled and bubbled away; and every little while Papa skimmed it with a big spoon, till by and by it was clear. David said, "It smells like maple syrup!" and Papa replied, "That's just what it is!"
- 14. He next poured it into big pans and little pans, and middle-sized pans, and it looked thick and brown and sweet, and David knew that when it was cool and hard it would be maple sugar!
- 15. Then Mamma said: "There are ever so many kinds of maple trees, but only this kind



"These maples have a surprise in store —"

•

gives us sugar. Now what do you suppose we call it?"

16. David thought its name must be sugarmaple, and sure enough it was! And now he wonders if there are any other children whom the sugar-maple is waiting to surprise.

- F. E. MANN.

XXX. "SOMEBODY"

I. There's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,

And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;

He's upstairs and downstairs from morning till night,

And always in mischief, but never in sight.

2. The rogues I have read of, in song or in tale, Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail; But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well,

He never has seen the inside of a cell.

- 3. Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
 - Are rehearing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes;
 - Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,
 - Come to tell the last deed the sly rascal has done.
- 4. "'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say;
 - "'Somebody' has carried my pencil away;"
 - "'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks;"
 - "'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."
- 5. One night a dull sound like the thump of a head
 - Announced that one youngster was out of his bed;
 - And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant
 - "'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent!"

6. Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,

We shall have to call in the detective police; How queer it would look to see "Somebody" go

Marched off to the station house, six in a row!

—Selected.

XXXI. HOW THE BEANS CAME UP

- I. Alice May was a little city girl who lived in a brick house which was just like all the other houses on the street, except that some of them had gardens in front, while Alice's house had but a tiny strip of green grass.
- 2. When the warm spring days came, and all the people along the street were planting their flower seeds, Alice longed for just one little seed that she might plant it, and perhaps some day have a blossom all her own. And one day, when "Uncle Peter," as she called the good old scissors grinder, came along, she told him all about it.
 - 3. "So you want some seeds, do you?" said

- he. "Where would you plant them?" "Oh! just here, in this corner by the step," said Alice, "where they would get the warm sunshine, and I could water and watch them every day."
- 4. "Well, how will these do?" said Uncle Peter, drawing a handful of Lima beans from his pocket; "I'm taking some home to plant myself, but I guess I can spare you these if you want them."
- 5. "May I have them? Oh, thank you, Uncle Peter! I'll plant them right away, and take just the best care of them."
- 6. As Uncle Peter trudged off, he saw Alice digging holes with a little stick, dropping the beans in and covering them with earth. Then she had to wait for them to come up; it seemed a long time.
- 7. Every morning the first thing she did was to run out on the doorstep to see if there were any little green sprouts, such as she could see in the gardens all along the street. One morning she found—what do you think? No little sprigs

of green, but five beans, all split open, out on the ground!

- 8. "Dear me," she thought, "I didn't plant them deep enough!" So she took a handful of earth and patted it down hard over each bean. But in two or three more days, there they were again, five beans, split in halves, on top of the ground.
- 9. Alice covered them again, and yet again, for they came peeping up four or five times. Then, after a while, they did not come up any more: there was nothing for Alice to look at but the brown earth.
- 10. One morning Uncle Peter came to see how the beans looked, and Alice told him all about it; how they did not send out any green shoots, but just popped up themselves, and how they had not appeared at all since she last covered them.
- 11. "Dig down and see what you find," said Uncle Peter. Alice found the little beans all dried and withered.
 - 12. "You see they are good for nothing now,"

said Uncle Peter. "After you planted them, they sent down little roots to hold themselves firmly in place and pushed themselves up out of the ground. If you had waited, you would have seen two little green leaves grow from between the halves of each bean, and then two more, and they would have kept growing till you would have had some nice little vines by this time.

- 13. "But it isn't too late to try again. Come home with me and I'll give you some more beans. This time just plant them and let them alone."
- 14. Alice did as she was told. Before many days the beans popped up, and this time she did not cover them at all, but waited and watered them, and the sun shone on them, and they sent up first one pair of leaves, then another, and another, till they were little vines, ready to climb.
- 15. Then Uncle Peter came and set some poles for them to twine around, and they liked it very much. They climbed and climbed, and soon Alice saw some white blossoms on her bean vines.

- 16. She did not pick them, but waited to see what would come of them. By and by the blossoms dropped off, and some tiny bean pods grew in their places; and oh, how fast they grew!
- 17. At last, one day, before Jack Frost came, Alice found that her beans were ready to pick. So she picked them and took them in to her mamma, who cooked them for dinner. There were enough for all to have a taste—her papa and mamma, and all the brothers and sisters, and they thought the beans were very nice.
- 18. The next year Alice planted some more beans, and this time she did not cover them up when they peeped out of the ground, but waited for the green sprouts to appear; and there was time for ever so many beans to grow and ripen before the frost came.

- F. E. MANN.

Write a story telling of something you have learned while tending a garden; or tell what you would like to do in a garden if you had one.

XXXII. FARTHER DOWN

- I. On the surface of the waters

 Gleams the foam, as white as snow,
 Idly tossing, useless, worthless,

 But the pearls are far below.
- 2. On the rocks and on the mountains, Cling the mosses, sere and brown, Seldom noticed, never gathered, For the gold is farther down.
- 3. There are treasures in the mountains,
 There are treasures in the sands,
 There are treasures in the ocean,
 There are treasures in all lands
- 4. Never to be gained by wishing—

 Tempting every soul to strive—

 Only waiting for the brave hearts

 Not afraid to dig or dive. Selected.

Tell what you know about pearls and pearl divers. About gold and mining for it. About the treasures in the mountains; in the sands; in the ocean. They would not be worth so much if they could be obtained without labor and daring. Tell why.

A RIDDLE

- I. "I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;My one foot stands, but never goes.I have many arms, and they're mighty all;And hundreds of fingers large and small.
- 2. "From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.
 - I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
 - I grow bigger and bigger about the waist, And yet I am always tightly laced.
- 3. "None e'er saw me eat I've no mouth to bite;

Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight. In the summer with song I shake and quiver, But in winter I fast and groan and shiver."

- Selected.

Answer: A tree.

What is the "foot"? What are the "toes"? The "arms"? The "fingers"?

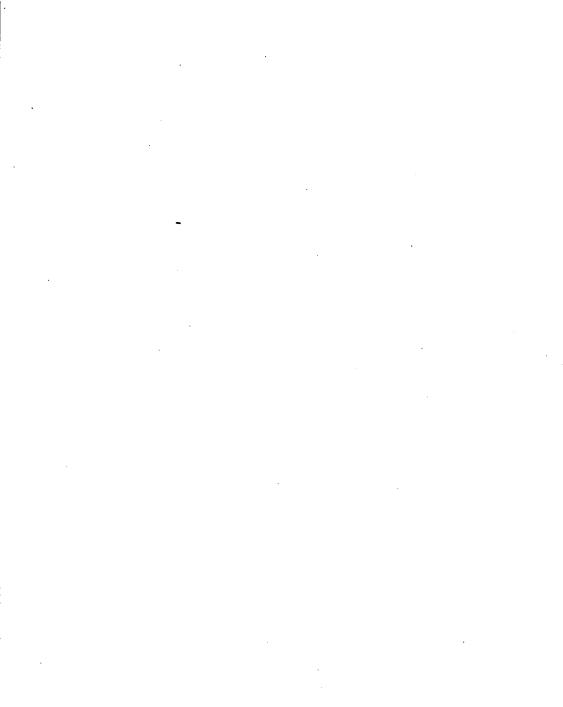
Go through the verses and show at every point how the tree corresponds to the description.

XXXIII. WHO STOLE THE GEMS?

- 1. A little girl from Italy was once visiting her aunt in New York. Her name was Paula.
- 2. The cold weather came, and Paula said she had never felt anything like it. Her aunt said it would be colder before the winter was over; and the little American children next door said, "Oh, you'll blow your fingers by and by!"
- 3. It did grow colder, until Paula fairly gasped with surprise when she went out into the crisp winter air. She did not understand how it could be so cold.
- 4. One day when it was growing a little warmer, her aunt went out and left her at home alone. After Paula had read a little while in her English book, she felt lonely, and went to look out of the parlor window.
- 5. Something wonderful was coming down from the sky, and oh, such a lot of it! It looked like tiny, white feathers. Paula ran out



"Something wonderful was coming down from the sky."



to see what it was. She caught some on her sleeve.

- 6. "Oh, it is beautiful!" she cried. "It looks like diamonds. They must be some kind of precious gems. I will gather some for my aunt."
- 7. She ran into the house and brought a newspaper. This she held out to catch some of the beautiful gems. They were star-shaped and prism-shaped, and of many other pretty shapes, and they glittered like cut glass.
- 8. Paula did not wait to catch a great many of the precious jewels, but soon folded the paper carefully over what seemed to be enough of them. Then she took her treasure in and laid it in a bureau drawer.
- 9. When her aunt came home Paula was at the window, watching for more of the beautiful gems, but only rain was falling then. She ran to the door and told her aunt about them excitedly.
 - 10. "I am afraid you will not believe me,

Auntie," she cried, "but it is true. Oh, but you will believe me when I show you!"

- 11. Then she ran to the drawer and brought the paper. She carefully unfolded it before her aunt, and there was — nothing but a wet spot.
- 12. Auntie smiled at Paula's disappointment and explained about the snow. What do you think she told her?
- 13. It sometimes snows in Italy, but not very often. It happened that it had not snowed there in Paula's lifetime.

 Retold.

XXXIV. HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE

- First take a willow bough,
 Smooth and round and dark,
 And cut a little ring
 Just through the outside bark.
- 2. Then tap and rap it gently
 With many a pat and pound,
 To loosen up the bark,
 So it may turn around.

- Slip the bark off carefully,
 So that it will not break,
 And cut away the inside part,
 And then a mouthpiece make.
- 4. Now put the bark all nicely back,
 And in a single minute
 Just put it to your lips,
 And blow the whistle in it.

— Selected.

THE GOLDEN RULE

- I. One rule to guide us in our life
 Is always good and true;
 'Tis "Do to others as you would
 That they should do to you."
- 2. When urged to do a selfish deed,
 Pause, and your course review;
 Then do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.
- 3. When doubtful which is right, which wrong, This you can safely do;

- Just do to others as you would That they should do to you.
- 4. O simple rule! O law divine!
 To duty thou'rt a clew;
 Child, do to others as you would
 That they should do to you. Selected.

XXXV. STANLEY AND THE SQUIRRELS

- 1. Grandpa Howe lived in a fine old house called Oakdale. It stood in its own park, and the front door was almost half a mile from the gates.
- 2. It was autumn, and the woods were bright with colors. Bluejays and woodpeckers called from the tree tops, and the squirrels scolded. Stanley ran about in the sunshine, and thought the world a fine place.
- 3. His great delight was to pick up nuts and put them in his little cart. His heap of nuts on the closet floor was growing fast. When the snow came, Stanley and Grandpa could sit by the fire and crack nuts and roast apples.

- 4. "Won't we have a jolly time, mother dear?" he said over and over. "Perhaps Santa Claus will come, too."
- 5. One day he did not come home at the usual time. It was growing dark, so his mother went out to look for him.
- 6. She saw him coming up the avenue, drawing his cart after him. "Mother! mother!" he cried; "I have something to tell you. Please help me up the steps, my cart is so heavy."
- 7. "Why, Stanley," said his mother, "your cart is full! How did it happen?"
- 8. "Oh, mother, I caught my foot in a hole, and fell down. The hole was full of nuts. I put them in my cart. Don't you like them, mother?"
- 9. "Yes, indeed, my boy," said Mrs. Howe, "I was only thinking. The nuts that you found were in a squirrel's storehouse. I think he put them there to keep them safe until he could hide them away in his tree. The little squirrel family may be hungry when the cold comes."

- 10. "Oh, dear!" cried Stanley, "I didn't know that."
- 11. The next morning Stanley went out to play under the big oaks. In a short time he came back with his cart empty.
- 12. His mother was picking some bright leaves, and went to meet him. "You are back soon," she said, smiling.
- 13. "Mother, I put all the nuts back, every one," he cried. "Now the squirrels won't be hungry, will they?"
- 14. "My dear little boy, I am so glad," said Mrs. Howe. "That was kind and thoughtful.
- 15. "Now I have a plan. Go and ask James to give you six little ears of corn, four yellow and two red. You may put those with the nuts, for squirrels like all such things."
- 16. "Won't they laugh when they see the red ears?" cried Stanley, as he ran away.
- 17. One day late in the winter, Stanley was out with Grandpa Howe, walking up and down the avenue.

- 18. There was a chatter from the big oak overhead. Stanley looked up and saw a gray squirrel. He was sitting up with a little ear of corn between his paws.
- 19. "Oh,see! See, Grandpa! That's my squirrel, and he has my corn," cried the child in great joy.
- 20. "There are two of them," said Grandpa, pointing with his cane to a bright-eyed squirrel on the end of a branch. "I think that must be Mrs. Squirrel."
 - 21. "Did you like the corn?" called Stanley.
- 22. Mr. Squirrel kept chattering to Mrs. Squirrel, and I think what he said was this: "My dear, look down. There is our Stanley, the boy who brought back our walnuts. He gave us this corn, too. He is the boy for me!"

 —KATE LOUISE BROWN.

XXXVI. LITTLE BROTHER'S LOVE FOR BABY

I. Come down to our house,I've something to show you —A dear little baby that hasn't a name;

So pretty, so cunning,

So sweet that I know you.

Will wish that you had at your own house the same.

2. His dear little head

He can't always hold steady;

He can't even place where he wants to his hands;

He smiles when I come,

So he knows me already—

And just the least bit, on his two feet he stands.

3. I never liked anything

Half as much. Maybe

You think I would sell him — I wouldn't for gold!

To know how I love him —

The dear, darling baby—

You must love one yourself — you could never be told.

- SARAH E. HOWARD.



BROTHER'S LOVE FOR BABY

•

GOOD FOR SOMETHING

- i. "What are you good for, my brave little man? Answer that question for me, if you can You, with your fingers as soft as a nun You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
- 2. "All the day long, with your busy contriving, Into all mischief and fun you are driving; See if your wise little noddle can tell What you are good for. Now ponder it well."
- 3. Over the carpet the dear little feet
 Come with a patter to climb on my seat;
 Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
 Under their lashes looked up unto me.
- Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
 Draw me down close in a loving embrace;
 Two rosy lips give the answer so true,
 "Good to love you, Mamma, good to love you."

Have you a baby brother or sister whom you love very dearly? If you have, tell in writing how the little one adds to your happiness. If not, tell about some child that you know.

XXXVII. BUILDERS WITHOUT HANDS

- 1. In crossing the State of Nebraska, the traveler passes for miles over the rolling prairie.
- 2. Not a house is to be seen, not a man, woman, or child, and yet on either side of the line are underground settlements and cities crowded with inhabitants.
- 3. They are all vegetarians—that is a long word, and means those who live only on vegetables; they have no shops, and none of them are in business; they have no money; they do not wear boots or shoes, or hats or caps, or put up an umbrella when it rains.
- 4. The little ones have no dolls, or marbles, or tops, and they never set off any fireworks. But the grown-up inhabitants know very well how to make a city: the streets are built regularly, all at right angles to each other, and extend for two or three miles each way.
- 5. Most of the houses contain from ten to twelve inmates, and all speak a language which

you would not understand. What are these very strange underground dwellers? Can you guess?

- 6. They go upon four legs and are called prairie dogs, although really they are a kind of guinea pig. When they make their burrows, the earth they throw out forms a little hillock in front of the hole, and it serves as a watchtower.
- 7. You can imagine what an extremely funny sight it is to see long rows of prairie dogs perched on their hind legs as if begging, with big, round, curious eyes peeping from their watchtowers as the train goes by.
- 8. Perhaps one of the passengers gives a shout, and instantly hundreds of white-tipped tails vanish in the burrows; not a prairie dog is to be seen!
- 9. When a burrow happens to be deserted, the new tenant is almost sure to be, curiously enough, either an owl or a rattlesnake!

THE HIGHEST USE

- 1. A merchant, undecided which of his sons to train up in his business, gave each a peach.
- 2. When they had eaten the peaches, he asked, "Well, my boys, how did you enjoy your peaches?" They all said that never before had they eaten such fine peaches.
- 3. "In that case," said the father, "it would be pleasant to have a good supply of such peaches. What did you do with the stones?"
- 4. "I threw mine into the river," said the youngest. "I cracked mine, and put the kernel with some others that I am going to sell to the druggist," said the oldest. "I planted mine in my little garden," said the third son.
- 5. "A peach stone is a seed," said the father. "He who plants it puts it to its highest use, for thus it may multiply itself hundreds of times and furnish food for many people." He thus knew to whom his business affairs might best be intrusted when he was gone. -Retold.

XXXVIII. NEVER GIVE IN

Keep plodding, 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
 And dreaming and sighing, and waiting the
 tide;

In life's earnest battle, those only can win Who daily march forward and never give in.

2. Though foes may be many, and proud in their might,

If only you know that you stand for the right, The battle must boldly be fought, and you'll win;

In Providence trust, and never give in.

3. In life's early morning, in manhood's fair pride,

Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide;

In storm or in sunshine, whate'er you begin, Be true and straightforward, and never give in.

THE BOY AND THE ACORN

- A very little boy once found
 A tiny acorn on the ground;
 Awhile he held it in his play,
 Then threw it carelessly away.
- 2. Winters and summers ran their round, And now on that same spot is found A sturdy oak, whose branches high The winter's fiercest storms defy.
- 3. The child who threw the acorn there,
 Has been a man this many a year;
 But though a large, strong man is he,
 He never could uproot that tree.
- 4. And so 'tis with our habits strong;
 They grow, each day, for right or wrong;
 And he who forms them as he should,
 Will see that every one is good.

XXXIX. ROLLO AT PLAY

T

- I. Rollo had sat on the bank of the brook, watched the fishes, and thrown pebbles into the brook for some time. He began to be tired, so he asked Jonas what he had better do.
 - 2. "I think you had better build a wigwam."
 - 3. "A wigwam? What is that?" said Rollo.
- 4. "It is a little house made of bushes, somewhat like those the Indians live in."
 - 5. "Oh, I could not make one!" said Rollo.
- 6. "I think you could if I should tell you how and help you a little." Jonas took the crowbar, and made six deep holes in a circle.
- 7. "Now you must go and get some long branches of trees and sharpen the large ends a little with your hatchet," said Jonas. "Then you must fix a branch in each of these holes so that you can bend the tops toward the middle of the circle."
 - 8. Jonas went back to his work, leaving Rollo

to go on with the wigwam. Rollo worked busily for some time, and then he thought he heard a voice.

- 9. He listened a moment, and heard some one at a distance calling, "Rollo! Rollo!" Rollo dropped his hatchet and looked in the direction that the sound came from, and called out as loud as he could, "What?"
- 10. "Where are you?" was heard in reply. Rollo cried, "Here!" and then ran through the woods until he came out into the open field; and then he saw a small boy at a distance.
- 11. It was his cousin James. James had come to play with him that day, and Rollo's mother had directed him to the woods.
- 12. James came running toward Rollo, holding up something round and bright in each hand. They were half dollars.
- 13. "One is for you and one is for me," cried James. "Uncle George sent them to us."
- 14. James said he would help Rollo to build his wigwam. They put their money on a large



"Rollo had — thrown pebbles into the brook —"

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flat stone on the bank of the brook. They thought it would be safe there while they were at work.

- 15. They fixed a great many boughs into their wigwam, weaving them in all round, and this made a very pleasant little house, leaving a place for a door in front.
- 16. After a while James happened to look at the stone where they had laid their half dollars, and he saw that only one of them was there. "Oh, Rollo!" said he; "one of our half dollars is gone."
- 17. They went to the stone, and sure enough one was gone. They looked around, and it was nowhere to be found.
- 18. Then there was a dispute as to who should have the one that was left. James said he knew it was his. He said he remembered just how it looked. And Rollo knew it was his, for the head and stars were very bright on his, and they were very bright on this one.
 - 19. James, however, had the half dollar, and

he would not give it up. And so Rollo went to Jonas, and told him that James had his half dollar.

II

- 20. Jonas heard the whole story from both the boys. He looked at both sides of the half dollar very closely.
- 21. "Which half dollar was it," said he, "that you tried to scratch the eagle off with a pin?"
 - 22. "Mine," said Rollo. "Let me see."
- 23. Jonas showed them the marks and scratches made by the pin, proving that this was Rollo's half dollar.
- 24. James looked a little ashamed. He stood still a minute, thinking. Then he said: "Well, Rollo, I suppose my half dollar is lost, but I am glad yours is safe."
- 25. "I am sorry yours is lost," said Rollo, "but then I can give you half of what I buy with mine."

- 26. "Where did you put the half dollars?" said Jonas.
 - · 27. "On the rock near the brook," said Rollo.
- 28. Jonas looked over into the water. He thought that, as they had been dragging boughs near the rock, some little branch might have brushed off one of the pieces of money.
- 29. In a minute or two he pointed down, and the boys looked and saw something bright on the bottom. Jonas then rolled up his sleeves, lay down on the rock, and reached his arm down into the water; but it was a little too deep. He could not reach it.
- 30. "I must try another plan," said Jonas. So he cut a straight stick, trimmed it up, and made the larger end square. Then he went to a hemlock tree near, and took some of the gum, which was very sticky. He pressed some of this gum on the end of the stick.
- 31. Then he reached it very carefully down, and pressed it hard against the half dollar. It pushed the coin down into the sand out of sight.

- 32. "There, you have lost it!" cried James.
- 33. "I don't know," said Jonas and he began to slowly and carefully draw it up. When the end of the stick came up out of the sand, the boys saw, to their very great delight, that the half dollar was sticking fast to the gum.
- 34. The boys thanked Jonas for getting the money, and then they asked him to keep both pieces for them until they went home.

- Selected.

XL. LITTLE MAY

Little May,

Where the willows green are bending

O'er their way?

Do you know how low and sweet,

O'er the pebbles at their feet,

Are the words the waves repeat,

Night and day?

2. Have you heard the robins singing,

Little one,

When the rosy dawn is breaking—

When 'tis done?

Have you heard the wooing breeze,

In the blossomed orchard trees,

And the drowsy hum of bees

In the sun?

3. All the earth is full of music,

Little May,

Bird and bee and water singing

On its way.

Let their silver voices fall

On thy heart with happy call:

"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,"

Night and day,

Little May.

- Selected.

Have you ever listened to the songs of birds, the voice of the wind and the sound of running water and tried to think what they were saying? In a few words tell something you have thought about the music of nature.

MERRY WORKERS

- Tell me what the mill wheels say, Always turning, night and day; When we sleep and when we wake, What a busy sound they make! Never idle, never still, What a worker is the mill!
- 2. What is it that the brooklets say, Rippling onward day by day? Sweet as skylark on the wing, Ripple, ripple—thus they sing. Never idle, never still, Always working with a will!
- 3. Listen to the honeybee,
 Flying now so merrily
 Here and there with busy hum—
 Humming, drumming, drumming, drum —
 Never idle, never still,
 Humming, drumming—hum it will!

4. Like the mill, the brook, the bee,
May it now be said of me
That I'm always busy too,
For there's work enough to do.
If I work, then, with a will,
It will be but playing still;
Ever merry, never weary,
It will be but playing still.

- Selected.

XLI. THEY "LIKED EVERYTHING"

- 1. Just as soon as the rain was over, Willie and Millie ran out into the garden.
- 2. Willie and Millie were brother and sister. They would have been twins if they had been given to their mamma in the same year, for their birthdays came on the same day in the same month. But while Willie's was June 15, 1882, Millie's was June 15, 1883. So you see, Willie was just one year older than Millie.
- 3. The garden was quite wet, for it had been raining hard; and the plot of ground that the

gardener had been spading and planting the day before was very soft. In fact, it was mud. Willie slipped off the board walk into this mud, and Millie slipped after him. They scrambled quickly out, but their shoes were a sight to behold.

- 4. "Oh! I hate mud," said Willie. "Oh! I hate mud, too," said Millie, when, to their great surprise, many soft little voices called out: "But you must not hate it. It gives food and drink to the seeds that are planted in it, and this food and drink will make them so strong that they will grow into pretty, green plants. And the pretty, green plants will bear hundreds of lovely flowers."
- 5. "Well, then, I don't hate the mud, I like it," said Willie. "And I don't hate the mud, and I like it, too," said Millie.
- 6. Then they went skipping along the walk to the well at the other end of the garden. Here they met a toad. He was a big, speckled fellow, with bright eyes.
- 7. "Oh! I hate toads," said Willie. "Oh! I hate toads, too," said Millie.

- 8. The toad sat up on his hind legs and looked at them sharply. "That's not right," he said, "for toads do a great deal of good in the garden. They catch and eat many insects that would destroy the plants and flowers if they were let alone." "Well, then, I don't hate toads. I like them," said Willie. "And I don't hate toads, and I like them, too," said Millie.
- 9. The toad hopped away, and a big earthworm wriggled out of the place where it had been sitting, and dragged itself past the children. "Oh! I hate earthworms," said Willie, stepping quickly back from it. "Oh! I hate earthworms, too," said Millie.
- 10. The earthworm stopped and turned his head toward them. "You shouldn't hate earthworms," it said, "for they are of the greatest use. If it were not for them, none of the green things could grow. They travel through the ground, breaking the soil and loosening it as they go, so that the tiny plants that spring from the seeds may be able to make their way up to the sunshine."

- II. "Well, then, I don't hate earthworms. I like them," said Willie. "And I don't hate earthworms, and I like them, too," said Millie.
- I 2. "And I guess," Willie went on, "I guess I like everything." "And I guess," said Millie, "I guess I like everything, too."

- MARGARET ETYNGE.

XLII. OUT OF THE MORNING

- I. Will there really be a morning?

 Is there such a thing as day?

 Could I see it from the mountains

 If I were as tall as they?
- 2. Has it feet like water lilies?

 Has it feathers like a bird?

 Is it brought from famous countries

 Of which I have never heard?
- 3. Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
 Oh, some wise man from the skies!
 Please to tell a little pilgrim
 Where the place called morning lies!

- EMILY DICKINSON.

CHEERFULNESS

- There is a little maiden —
 Who is she? Do you know?
 Who always has a welcome,
 Wherever she may go.
- Her face is like the Maytime;
 Her voice is like the bird's;
 The sweetest of all music
 Is in her pleasant words.
- 3. Each spot she makes the brighter,
 As if she were the sun;
 And she is sought and cherished,
 And loved by every one;
- 4. By old folks and by children,
 By lofty and by low:
 Who is this little maiden?
 Does anybody know?
- You surely must have met her;
 You certainly can guess;
 What! Must I introduce her?
 Her name is Cheerfulness. Selected.

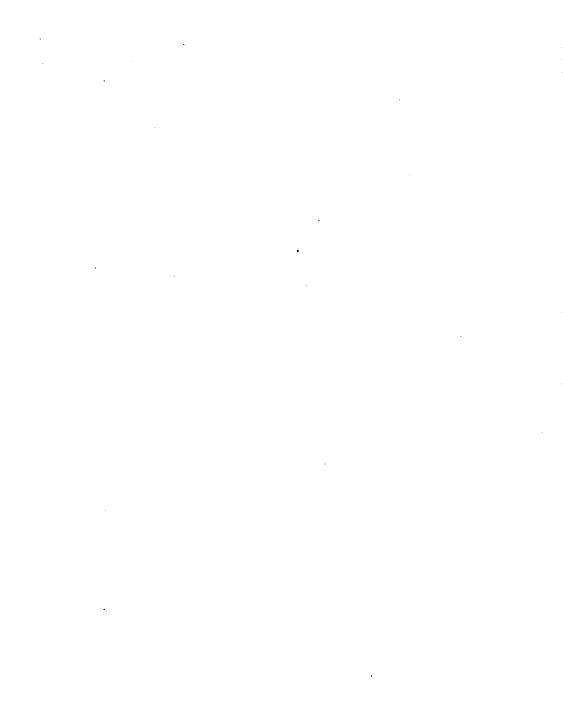
XLIII. LAME RABBIT

T

- 1. Lame Rabbit was a little Indian boy. He lived in a wigwam, or tepee, in the woods, not far from the great "Father of Waters" which we now call the Mississippi River.
- 2. The first thing that ran by the wigwam after Lame Rabbit was born was a rabbit that had hurt one of its feet. And this was how the little Indian baby got his name.
- 3. While Lame Rabbit was a papoose (which is Indian for baby), he was laid every morning on a board. Baby and board together were wrapped in the skins of animals until nothing could be seen of Lame Rabbit but his little round, copper-colored face.
- 4. Then he was strapped to the board with leather straps so tightly that he could not slip when the board was stood on end. This was Lame Rabbit's cradle. His mother would carry this cradle on her back, or hang it to a tree, while she went about her work.



Tell how the wigwam is made.



- 5. After Lame Rabbit could run about, he stayed with his mother until he could reach to a certain height, and had caught a rat without help from any one else. Then he was considered old enough to do as he pleased.
- 6. His parents never punished him. They would not make him afraid by whipping him, because they wanted him to grow up a proud young "brave," and very fierce. On the other hand, he never did anything that his Indian parents considered very wrong.
- 7. Lame Rabbit roamed over the wide prairie, and through the deep forest, and learned what an Indian had to know in those days. He learned to see at great distances, and to observe many things that a white boy would have passed by unseen.
- 8. He could tell time by the sun, and find his way at night by watching the stars. He engaged in contests with other Indian boys, to find out who could see the farthest, send an arrow the straightest, light a fire the quickest, and so on.

- 9. He grew strong and hardy, while running races and playing active games with his companions and swimming in the cold river. He learned to shoot the red deer and to snare small game. He could make his own bows and arrows, and could feather the arrows so that they would fly straight and hit the mark.
- 10. He could tell what animal had passed, by its footprints, and could trace it to its hiding place. He could throw a lasso about the neck of a runaway pony, or any other animal that he chose to catch in this way.
- 11. He loved to paddle up and down the stream in his father's canoe. But, though he swam a great deal, he was seldom clean, nor did he care to be.

II

12. Lame Rabbit's father got meat for his family by hunting. The white man had taught him to use a gun. When he killed a deer, he would sling it across his back and bring it home,

sometimes walking miles under this heavy burden.

- 13. The animal was then skinned and cut up for food. If it was summer, some of the flesh was cut into long strips and dried in the sun for winter use.
- 14. When the mighty hunter was at home, he did no work, but sat about, smoking and telling stories. It was from the Indian that the white man learned the use of tobacco.
- 15. The red hunter's stories were about the wonderful deeds of his tribe in warfare; or about the Great Spirit, by whom he meant God; or about the spirits of the forest and the river. We shall some day make the acquaintance of a little Indian boy named Hiawatha. He knew many of these quaint stories.
- 16. Lame Rabbit loved to listen to stories of war in which his people had won and his father never told any in which they had not won. Some of these war stories were dreadful, but Lame Rabbit loved them all the better for that. The

Indians used to think one must be cruel to be brave.

- 17. Lame Rabbit's mother had to do all the work of the wigwam, and to plant and gather in the corn. There was no mill in which to have the corn ground to nice yellow meal, so she had to pound it between stones.
- 18. Lame Rabbit had a little sister, who helped her mother. Her name was Flying Leaf. She could gather wood for the fire, pick berries and herbs, carry water, and pound the corn.
- 19. She could also weave baskets and color them prettily with the juice of berries. As she grew older, she learned to sew skins into garments and to work beautiful designs upon them.
- 20. Lame Rabbit learned to do none of these things. His lessons were all in the arts of hunting and warfare. He would have scorned to do any work about their home, although he loved his sister and his mother; and they never thought of asking him.
 - 21. Nowadays the Indian children go to school

like the white children. There they learn that there are better uses for the strength of men and boys than hunting and warfare.

- FANNIE LASCOMB.

XLIV. THE YOUNG MOUSE

- I. In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
 - A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
 - So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
 - Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.
- 2. But one day the young mouse, who was given to roam,
 - Having made an excursion some way from her home.
 - On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
 - That her gray, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

- 3. "Oh, mother," said she, "the good folks of this house,
 - I'm convinced, have not any ill will to a mouse;
 - And those tales can't be true that you always are telling,
 - For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling!
- 4. "The floor is of wood and the walls are of wires,
 - Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
 - And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
 - If ten cats and their kittens at once should appear.
- 5. "And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
 - One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
 - While forcing one through such rough crannies as these,

- Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.
- 6. "But the best of all is, they've provided us well
 - With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
 - 'Twas so nice, I had put in my head to go through,
 - When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."
- 7. "Ah, child!" said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
 - Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
 - Do not think all that trouble they took for our good,
 - They would catch us and kill us all there if they could,
 - As they've caught and killed scores; and I never could learn
 - That a mouse who once entered did ever return."

 Selected.

XLV. NEVER GIVE UP

I

- I. "I cannot! I cannot! I am sure I never can learn this hard lesson," said Arthur, as he came into his mother's sitting room; and he threw down his books and began to cry.
- 2. "Arthur, my son, do not cry so," said his mother. "I know it is hard for you, but do not give up. Try once more. Nothing of value is gained without effort."
- 3. "But, mother, I have tried, and there is no use in my trying any more. I never can learn this lesson—no, never."
- 4. "You must never give it up, my son. Do you wish to grow up an ignorant man? Other little boys like you have learned it, and what they have done you can do.
- 5. "'Never give up' is a good motto. Life is a battlefield. This is one of the many battles you will have to fight. Will you conquer or be conquered in this battle? is the question for you to decide now.

- 6. "If you conquer, it will be easier for you next time; if you are conquered now, you may never gain a victory. Oh, my son, do not give it up! Be a hero, and conquer this lesson."
- 7. Arthur sat thoughtful for a little while, and then with a countenance and air that seemed to say, "I'll do it," he took up his book and left the room.
- 8. For long hours Arthur struggled with his lesson. It was indeed a hard one. Sometimes he was tempted to say, "I can't!" and to give it up. But then his mother's words—"Other little boys like you have learned it, and what they have done you can do"—would come to his mind, and he would say, "No, I will not give up; I will never give up!"
- 9. The curtains were drawn, and the lamp burned brightly. Arthur's mother had just put her little daughter to bed, and was now seated by the table, making a dress for a neighbor; for she was a poor widow and had to work hard to procure food and clothing for herself and two children.

- no. "Mother, mother, I have learned it! I have learned it!" cried Arthur, bursting into the room. "I can say every word of it. It did seem as if I could not learn it—it was so hard. But then, other little boys like me have learned it, and I would not give up; and now I can say all of it—every word of it. Just hear me, mother."
- 11. Yes, Arthur had learned his lesson, and he said, "I will do better next time." And he did. He had learned a greater lesson, the lesson of perseverance, and it made him feel strong and happy.

II

- 12. "Arthur, my son," said his mother one day, "I must keep you from school after this term, for I cannot afford to send you any longer.
- 13. "It is very hard to get money now, and it takes all I can earn to keep us in food and clothes. I am very sorry to keep you out; but

I think you can study at home, and help me somewhat, too."

- 14. Since Arthur had learned that hard lesson, he had made great progress in his studies. His recitations were always good. It required study to prepare them, it is true; but he would say, "'Nothing of great value is gained without effort,' mother says, and mother knows."
- 15. Arthur was very sorry to leave school, but he did not complain, nor let his mother know that it made him feel bad. When she told him that he could not go the next term, he said, "All right, mother; I can learn at home just about as well."
- 16. "And then I can get a book and teach Mary to read; and perhaps," he added, "I can also do something to help you."
- 17. Sometimes his lessons were very difficult, but he would say, "I have had hard lessons before, and learned them, too, and I will not give up now."
 - 18. Arthur found plenty to do in studying his

lessons, teaching his little sister, and doing errands for his mother; but still he kept thinking, "How can I earn some money to help mother?"

- 19. As, day after day, he saw his mother constantly at work, he would try to think how he could help her more.
- 20. "I can learn a hard lesson, why can I not do some hard work?" said he; and the more he thought of it, the more he thought he could.
- 21. "I am twelve years old to-day. I know I can do something to help mother," he said one day as he was walking along the street, "and I will; yes, I will!" and he stamped his foot on the pavement and stopped.
- 22. Just then he noticed a paper in a shop-window. "WANTED!" "Wanted what? I will go in and see," said he.
- 23. "A boy wanted!" He read it over again, to be sure he read it right. But there was no mistake. "A boy wanted!" And his heart beat so, he could almost hear it, as he read.
 - 24. "If I could only get the place, I could

help mother, I am sure I could;" and he ran home as fast as he could to ask if he might try to get it.

- 25. He was not long in getting consent. "Yes, you may try, my boy, and may God bless you," said his mother.
- 26. He was so fearful that some one else would get there first, that he could not wait to eat what his mother had set out for him, but hurried back to the store.
- 27. Yes, there it is—"A boy wanted!" and Arthur walked into the store. "I fear," said the merchant, "that you are too small." "I am twelve years old, sir," said Arthur, standing up straight, "and I could try."
- 28. The gentleman smiled and said, "I should like to have you, my boy, if you only looked stronger. I do not think you could carry large bundles like that, could you?"
- 29. "I could try, sir. I can learn a hard lesson, and mother says, if I try and never give up, I can do almost anything."

- 30. "You are the right kind of a boy; I will give you a trial. Come in the morning." Arthur's feet could not go fast enough as he ran home to tell his mother of his success.
- 31. "And, mother," said he, in a lower tone, "I am glad I learned that hard lesson, because now, when I feel like giving up, I think of it, and I say, 'No, I won't give up yet; I will try again.'
- 32. "Oh, mother, I mean to be a rich man some day, so that I can take care of you, you are such a dear mother!"
- 33. "But," said his mother, "do not forget that it is God who giveth the power to do. Ask Him to keep you and to help you overcome the difficulties that may come in your way."

- Selected.

Tell the story of Bruce and the Spider, or some other story of successful performance.

Motto: If at first you don't succeed, Try, try again.



Tell a story of this picture.



XLVI. WHAT THE LITTLE MAID SAW

- Why stand you here, Sweet maiden dear, With eyes upon the sea, Forgetting play To gaze away On the ocean, rolling free?
- 2. Have you a ship
 From foreign trip
 Now coming up the bay,
 That brings you gold
 For treasures sold
 In countries far away?
- 3. Ah, there's a line
 Of black smoke fine
 Upon the distant sky!
 She sees a speck
 The ocean fleck
 Beneath the smoke on high.

- 4. It grows and grows
 Until she knows
 It is the steamer due.
 Her little heart
 Beats wild its part
 As comes the ship in view.
- 5. She turns her head;
 Her cheeks are red,
 Her eyes no longer roam.
 "I want no gold
 For treasures sold,—
 That ship brings father home!"

- Selected.

A BENEDICTION

- And in night's lonely hour;
 Though storms may gather round thy way,
 Trust His protecting power.
- 2. God guide thee! May His wisdom shine Unclouded o'er thy soul,

And lead thee, by its light divine, To the eternal goal.

3. God bless thee! On this earth below,And in the world above,A rich inheritance bestow—His everlasting love.

- Selected.

XLVII. THE COMING OF THE KING

- I. Some children were at play in their playground one day, when a man rode through the town, blowing a trumpet and crying aloud: "The King! the King passes by this road today. Make ready for the King!"
- 2. The children stopped their play and looked at one another. "Did you hear that?" they said. "The King is coming. He may look over the wall and see our playground; who knows? We must put it in order."
- 3. The playground was sadly dirty, and in the corners were pieces of paper and broken

toys, for these were careless children. But now, one brought a rake and another a wheelbarrow, and they labored hard, till at last all was clean and tidy.

- 4. "Now it is clean!" they said; "but we must make it pretty, too; for kings are used to fine things, and he will notice everything."
- 5. Then one brought clover and daisies and strewed them over the ground, while others made wreaths of oak leaves and hung them on the stone walls.
- 6. When all was done, the playground was so beautiful that the children stood and looked at it, and clapped their hands with pleasure. "Let us keep it always like this!" said the youngest child; and the others cried, "Yes! yes! that is what we will do."
- 7. They waited all day for the coming of the King, but he never came; only, toward sunset, a man with travel-worn clothes and a kind, tired face passed along the road, and stopped to look over the wall.

- 8. "What a pleasant place!" said the man.
 "May I come in and rest, dear children?"
 - 9. The children brought him in gladly, and gave him a seat that they had made. They had covered the seat with a bit of old red cloth to make it look like a throne, and it made a very good one.
 - no. "This is our playground!" they said. "We made it pretty for the King, but he did not come; and now we mean to keep it so for ourselves."
 - 11. "That is good!" said the man.
 - 12. "Because we think pretty and clean is nicer than ugly and dirty!" said another.
 - 13. "That is better!" said the man.
 - 14. "And for tired people to rest in!" said the youngest child.
 - 15. "That is best of all!" said the man.
 - 16. He sat and rested, and looked at the children with such kind eyes that they came about him, and told him about the five puppies in the barn, the thrush's nest with four blue eggs, and the shore where the seashells lay. And the man nodded and understood all about it.

- 17. By and by, he asked for a cup of water, and they brought it to him in the best cup.
- 18. Then he thanked the children, and rose and went on his way; but before he went he laid his hand on their heads for a moment, and the touch went warm to their hearts.
- 19. The children stood together by the wall and watched the man as he went slowly along. The sun was setting, and its yellow light fell in long rays across the road.
- 20. "He looked so tired!" said one of the children.
 - 21. "But he was so kind!" said another.
- 22. "See!" said the youngest child. "How the sun shines on his hair! It looks like a crown of gold."

- Laura E. Richards.

Write one of two endings to this story.

- 1. Write an ending in which the tired traveler turned out to be the King in disguise.
- 2. Or, write an ending in which the children kept their garden always neat and attractive as a resting place for other tired travelers.

Compare your endings and vote which is the better thought.

XLVIII. GROWN-UP LAND

I. "Good morrow, fair maid with lashes brown, Can you tell me the way to Womanhood town?"

"Oh, this way and that way, never a stop; 'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop; 'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away, 'Tis learning that cross words never will pay, 'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents, 'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,

'Tis loving and smiling, refusing to frown, Oh, that is the way to Womanhood town!"

- 2. "Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray; Where is Manhood town? Can you tell me the way?"
 - "Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—

A bit with the head, a bit with the hand; 'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work, 'Tis by keeping out of the side street Shirk,

'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and bad actions down;

Oh, that is the way to Manhood town!"

3. And the lad and the maiden ran hand in hand

To their fair estates in the grown-up land.

— Selected.

TURNING A NEW LEAF

- I. "Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year,
 - "Now, what is that singular sound I hear? As if all the paper in all the world Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."
- "Oh, that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
 Of all my children, both girls and boys,

A-turning over their leaves so new, And all to do honor, New Year, to you!"



Tell a story of this picture.



3. Rustle and turn them, so and so!

The good shall come and the bad shall go.

- Selected.

XLIX. THE STORY OF A BREEZE

- I. Once upon a time a little breeze who had been playing all day with the leaves and flowers, said to himself: "O dear! I'm of no use at all. I do nothing but play. I mean to ask the great strong wind if I may go with him to-morrow and help him in his work."
- 2. So the breeze was waiting in the early morning when the wind started on his daily journey over the earth. When he came rushing through the tree where the little breeze had played for so many long days, he heard a soft voice like the rustling of leaves, saying: "Please, dear, strong wind, may I go with you and help you to-day?"
- 3. The wind was in a great hurry, and said as he rushed along: "Why, yes, my dear, if you really wish to help." This made the breeze so

happy that he darted on, dancing and fluttering over the grass, and still keeping ahead of the wind.

- 4. Soon they came to such a queer building! It was quite high and had something large on one side that looked like a wheel. In the doorway stood a man talking with another outside. "Well, Mr. Miller," said the one outside, "is my flour ready? Our bread is all gone and we have no more flour. The children must have something to eat."
- 5. "I'm so sorry, sir," said the miller, "but the wind has not been blowing for two days, and you know the mill cannot grind the wheat unless the wind turns the wheel."
- 6. At this the little breeze rustled briskly forward and came right down close to the man's face, whispering to him that the wind—the good, strong wind—was coming very soon to turn the great wheel of the mill.
- 7. When the miller felt the breeze upon his face, he said joyfully: "I declare! I really felt

- a breeze! I think the wind is going to blow."
- 8. By this time the great wheel was turning round and round. The breeze knew that everything would be all right now, so again he started on, as light-hearted as ever, to be the messenger of the wind.
- 9. The next place they came to was a little village by the seashore. On a landing at the water's edge stood a woman with a baby in her arms, and a little boy and girl by her side. They were looking out over the wide sea, which was very smooth and beautiful. But the woman looked sad, and the little girl was crying. What do you think they were looking for?
- 10. Why, the father was a fisherman, and he had been out upon the water for a week, and the mother knew that he did not have enough food to keep him from being hungry during that long time; and as his boat was a sailboat, she knew that he could not get home unless the wind came to help him.

- 11. The little breeze saw in a moment what the trouble was; so he kissed the little girl on her cheek and dried the tears that sparkled there, lifted the golden curls on the baby's head, and gently cooled the mother's aching brow, whispering in her ear that the wind was coming.
- see waves on the water!" So the breeze knew that the wind was bringing the father's boat home to the dear ones waiting on shore. He stayed to see the mother smile and the children clap their hands at the sight of the white sail that was now coming rapidly towards them from far out upon the water.
- 13. Next the wind and the breeze came to a large city. How beautiful everything looked! The wind said to the breeze: "Your work is here; they need you more than they do me in the city." And in another moment he was gone, and the breeze had not even had time to ask what he was to do.
 - 14. The houses were beautiful and large.

Some were made of stone, some of marble, and some of brick; and all had parks and gardens around them. The breeze saw some children playing; so he stopped to have a little fun with them. He tossed their kites, waved their flags, and led them a merry chase after the hats of the little girls.

- 15. Then he helped the sun to dry some clothes that were hanging in a yard. In a short time he came to a part of the city where the air was very close and hot. He saw a great many people working in shops and mills.
- 16. He saw how warm and uncomfortable they were. So he flew in at the doors and windows and cooled the tired workmen till they forgot their weariness and thought only of how nice it was to be able to work for their dear ones at home.
- 17. Again the breeze went on his way; and soon he came to another part of the city where the houses were crowded—oh! so closely together. There were no nice yards here, no lace curtains at the windows for the little breeze to

play with, and the children did not seem to be so merry as those he had seen in the park. They just sat on the sidewalk and steps, the only places they had — with no kites, no flags, no pretty playthings — and the little girls had no hats at all!

- 18. "I'll just peep into the window and see what kind of homes these children have," thought the breeze. So he went in through an open window, and what do you suppose he saw? On a bed lay a dear little girl whose face was deeply flushed and who tossed from side to side moaning pitifully, "Oh, mamma! I'm so warm!"
- 19. But the mother was too busy to stop and comfort the child; she had to do work every day so that the little one and herself could have something to eat. So the breeze fanned the hot face and brushed the damp hair from the little brow till the child dropped asleep feeling more comfortable and happy, and smiling as she slept.
- 20. "She must be dreaming of the angels," said the breeze, as he gave her a good-by kiss.

And so ended the day; but the breeze still keeps on untiringly in his helpful and cheering tasks, proving a blessing wherever he goes.

- MATTIE McRoy.

L. MANLY BOYHOOD

- Whatever you are, be brave, boys;
 The liar's a coward and slave, boys,
 Though clever at ruses
 And sharp at excuses,
 He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.
- 2. Whatever you are, be frank, boys, 'Tis better than money and rank, boys; Still cleave to the right, Be lovers of light, Be open, above board, and frank, boys.
- 3. Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
 Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;

The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

- Selected.

LI. SPEAK GENTLY

- Speak gently! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
 The good we may do here.
- 2. Speak gently to the little child,
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild—
 It may not long remain.
- 3. Speak gently to the young, for theyWill have enough to bear:Pass through this life as best they may,'Tis full of anxious care.
- 4. Speak gently to the aged one—
 Grieve not the care-worn heart;

The sands of life are nearly run— Let such in peace depart.

5. Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,

Dropped in the heart's deep well;—

The good, the joy which it may bring,

Eternity shall tell.

- Selected.

LII. BY-AND-BY

- I. There's a little mischief-making Elfin, who is ever nigh, Spoiling many an undertaking; And his name is By-and-by.
- 2. What we ought to do this minute "Will be done as well," he'll cry, "If to-morrow we begin it;
 Put it off!" says By-and-by.
- 3. Do not heed his lazy wooing;

 Turn your back on By-and-by.

 What we always put off doing,

 Clearly, we shall never try.

4. We shall surely grow more clever
If on Now we all rely.
For unto the gates of Never
Leads the lazy By-and-by.

- Selected.

LIII. AN OLD PROVERB

- I. "The boy is father to the man":

 Such talk sounds very queer to me;

 But I suppose they mean to say,

 If I a true, brave man would be,

 I must not be a sneaking boy,

 But in my work, and in my play,

 Whatever I may say or do,

 Be true and honest as the day.
- 2. "The boy is father to the man":

 I wonder how it is with girls!

 If all they care for is to be
 Pretty and fair, with glossy curls,
 And handsome dresses, will they grow
 To noble women, good and true?

 Or will they be like pretty dolls,
 Which please us for an hour or two?

3. "The boy is father to the man":

Then, boys and girls, suppose we look
For the best pattern we can find,

And take him as our copy book.

Then, looking backward, we may see

A pleasant pathway clear and bright;

And, looking forward, we may hope
To reach the World of Light.

- Selected.

LIV. ON A HIGH TOWER

- 1. When Edith Palmer was in Paris, last summer, she went with her papa up the great Eiffel Tower.
- 2. They went up in a "lift" or "elevator." Edith peeped out of the windows as they moved swiftly up, and thought it was very like flying up with the birds.
- 3. They stopped at the first platform and ate an ice cream; here were galleries to walk about, and many lunch rooms.

- 4. Then they went on in the lift to the second platform. A little French paper was printed on this platform every day; people who came up had their names printed in it, if they wished.
- 5. But the most charming things at the second platform were the little red balloons. Edith's papa bought one of these, and then bought a postal card which he directed to Edith's mamma, who was away down below at her hotel. Then he fastened it to the balloon and gave it to Edith.
- 6. "Now," said he, "just toss it off, my little daughter, and it will go to mamma."
- 7. Edith gave it a light toss, and off it went, the little red, round thing, and began slowly to descend towards the city, floating along above its roofs and towers and pretty green gardens and parks.
- 8. "Will it go to mamma?" asked Edith, doubtfully.
- 9. Papa smiled very quietly to himself. "It surely will," he said.

10. And that very night, when they were all sitting together, the postal card was brought in. On each of the postal cards sold on the Tower was a printed request that whoever should find it would at once post it. And that was how it came so promptly to mamma.

- Our Little Men and Women.

MARIA THERESA AND HER LITTLE SON

- 1. On the next page you will see, pictured out, a most interesting and charming story. This scene took place a great many years ago, September 12, 1741.
- 2. The father of Maria Theresa had died, leaving her Empress of Austria. But Frederick, King of Prussia, who is called in history, Frederick the Great, wanted to seize her kingdom and add it to his own. So he went into Austria with his army.
- 3. Then Maria Theresa fled to the country of the Hungarians, which was also a part of her

kingdom. She came before the Hungarians, bringing her little son Joseph, then only six months old, and stood, as you see her in the picture, a tall, handsome woman, clad in velvet and ermine, the pretty boy smiling on her shoulder. For he was pleased with the sight of the beautiful dress and shining swords of these men.

In a speech full of courage, Maria Theresa called upon her Hungarians to come to her help, and drive out the Prussians.

"I have no friends but you in all the world," she said.

And these brave, gallant men answered by drawing their swords, and waving them on high, while they shouted:—

"We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!"

They called her their king, you see, and she had as high a courage as any king that ever lived.

And they were as good as their word. They drove out the enemy, and many of them did die for her, and she reigned as Empress of Aus-



"We will die for our king —"



tria many years. The little child in her arms afterward became Joseph the Second, Emperor of Austria.

— Selected.

LV. THE SPRING TIME

- I'm very glad the spring is come;The sun shines out so bright;The little birds upon the trees,Are singing with delight.
- 2. The young grass looks so fresh and green,The lambs do sport and play;And I can skip and run about,As merrily as they.
- 3. I like to see the daisies blue,
 And buttercups once more,
 The primrose, and the cowslip too,
 And every pretty flower.
- 4. I like to see the butterfly
 Extend her painted wing;
 And all things seem just like myself,
 So pleased to see the spring.

- 5. The fishes in the little brook
 Are leaping up so high;
 The lark is singing very sweet,
 And mounts into the sky;
- 6. The rooks are building up their nests Upon the great oak tree; And everything's as full of joy, As ever it can be.
- 7. There's not a cloud upon the sky;
 There's nothing dark or sad:
 I jump, and scarce know what to do,
 I feel so very glad.
- 8. God must be very good indeed
 Who made each pretty thing.
 I ought to love Him very much
 For bringing back the spring.

LVI. TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER*

- 1. It was Christmas morning. The bells had called the people to church, and there Bob Cratchit had taken Tiny Tim for the first time.
- 2. While they were gone, Mrs. Cratchit, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, had laid the cloth and set the table for dinner; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.
- 3. Now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came running in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own.
- 4. These young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.
- 5. "What has become of your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim!

 * See Frontispiece.

And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

- 6. "Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke. "Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"
- 7. "Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times.
- 8. "We had a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"
- 9. "Well, never mind, so long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."
- 10. "There's father coming!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hide, Martha, hide!"
- Bob, the father, with his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch!

- 12. "Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.
 - 13. "Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.
- 14. "Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"
- 15. Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the cellar door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the wash house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.
- 16. "And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.
- 17. "As good as gold," said Bob. "Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day,

who made lame beggars walk and blind men see." Bob's voice trembled when he told them this.

- 18. The little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken. His brother seated him beside the hearth; then off went Master Peter and the two young Cratchits to bring in the goose.
- 19. Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house.
- 20. Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table, while the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then, climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their mouths, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped.
- 21. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. Then a murmur of delight arose all round the table, and Tiny Tim, excited by the

two young Cratchits, beat on the table with his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

- 22. There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and size were wonderful to think of. With apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family.
- 23. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits.
- 24. And now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take up the pudding and bring it in.
- 25. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning it! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose!
- 26. Hello! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle. In a moment

Mrs. Cratchit entered, smiling proudly, with the pudding looking like a speckled cannon ball.

- 27. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said he thought it was the best pudding he had ever seen. Everybody had something to say about it; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.
- 28. At last the dinner was all done; the cloth was cleared and the fire made up. All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked noisily.
- 29. Then Bob said, "A merry Christmas to us all, my.dears. God bless us!"
- 30. "God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

- CHARLES DICKENS.

In many of his stories Charles Dickens told in a very tender way of people who helped others to be happy.

LVII. TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

- I. A little boy had sought the pump
 From whence the sparkling water burst,
 And drank with eager joy the draught
 That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
 Then gracefully he touched his cap,
 "I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
 "For this nice drink you've given me."
 (This little boy had been well bred.)
- 2. Then said the Pump: "My little man, You're welcome to what I have done; But I am not the one to thank, I only help the water run." "Oh! then," the little fellow said,
 - (Polite he always meant to be),
 "Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
 You have been very kind to me."
- 3. "Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me!

 For up the hillside lives a spring

- That sends me forth with generous hand To gladden every living thing."
- "I'll thank the spring, then," said the boy, And gracefully he bowed his head.
- "Oh! don't thank me, my little man,"

 The spring with silvery accents said.
- 4. "Oh! don't thank me, for what am I
 Without the dews and summer rain?
 Without their aid I ne'er could quench
 Your thirst, my little boy, again."
 - "Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
 "I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."
 - "Pray, don't thank us! Without the sun We could not fill one cup for you."
- 5. "Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
 For all that you have done for me"
 - "Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face, "My little fellow, don't thank me.
 - 'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores I drew the draught I gave to thee."

- "O Ocean, thanks," then said the boy. It echoed back: "No thanks to me!"
- 6. "Not unto me, but unto Him
 Who formed the depths in which I lie,
 Go give thy thanks, my little boy,—
 To Him who will thy wants supply."
 The boy took off his cap and said
 In tones so gentle and subdued,
 "O God, I thank thee for thy gift.
 Thou art the Giver of all good."

- Selected.

LVIII. TWO KINDS OF FUN

- 1. Two boys were gathering hazelnuts when they found a pair of stout shoes which some one had hidden under the hedge.
- 2. "They must belong to that laborer digging over there," said Joseph. "Let's hide them and see what he will say when he has to walk home without them. He lives three miles over the hill."

- 3. Joseph had never known want and weariness and pain, or he would not have thought so cruel a trick "good sport."
- 4. His companion said, "No, I'll tell you what! Have you a dime? Here's one."
- 5. Joseph found, by searching his pockets, that he had a dime. "What do you want to do with them?" he asked.
- 6. "Let's put a dime into each of the shoes, and then hide near by and see what the poor man says when he shakes them out."
- 7. "And then jump out and say they are ours?" asked Joseph.
- 8. "No, no! Let him keep them. He will have a right to take them as a gift from some one. No one could lose two dimes in that way."
 - 9. "But I don't see the fun in that."
- 10. "I do. So will you, when the man finds the coins. It's nearly time for him to come for his shoes. Let's try it."
- 11. Joseph gave up his dime, and his companion placed it in the toe of one of the shoes

and his own in the other, and carefully returned the shoes to their hiding place.

- 12. While waiting, the more thoughtful boy told Joseph how the man had been out of work a good deal and had to deny himself every comfort in order to keep a family of small children fed and clothed.
- 13. "He can't afford to wear his shoes while at work," said the boy, "because he must make them last as long as possible. He needs them to walk home in."
- 14. Presently the laborer came, and, with a groan that told of toil-stiffened joints, sat down to put his shoes on. Something had got into the toe of one, and he took it off and shook it.
- 15. When the dime rolled out, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. "How could I drop that dime in there and never miss it?" he said, talking aloud to himself. The boys on the other side of the hedge nudged each other and suppressed a giggle.
 - 16. "Well, I'm that much richer than I

thought I was," said the man contentedly, putting the dime in his pocket.

- 17. When the second shoe gave the same trouble and yielded up its dime on being shaken, the man knew that he had not himself dropped the coins into the shoes.
- 18. "Now, what good friend has done this?" he said, looking round and seeing no one.
- 19. "Well, it's some one who wishes my little ones well, at any rate," he went on as he tied the shoe. "This will give them pea soup for—let me see! How many days? I'll have to ask their mother."
- 20. With that he rose stiffly to his feet and began his long walk homeward, looking happy, though the road was rough.

- Old Tale Retold.

Tell the story of some kindness done that surprised and pleased some one.

LIX. THE CONSTANT DOVE

I. The white dove sat on the sunny eaves,
And "What will you do when the north wind
grieves?"

She said to the busy nuthatch small, Tapping above in the gable tall.

- 2. He probed each crack with his slender beak, And much too busy was he to speak; Spiders, that thought themselves safe and sound, And moths, and flies, and cocoons, he found.
- 3. Oh! but the white dove she was fair! Bright she shone in the autumn air, Turning her head from the left to right— Only to watch her was such delight!
- 4. "Coo!" she murmured, "poor little thing,
 What will you do when the frosts shall sting?
 Spiders and flies will be hidden or dead,
 Snow underneath and snow overhead."

- 5. Nuthatch paused in his busy care;"And what will you do, O white dove fair?""Kind hands feed me with crumbs and grain,And I wait with patience for spring again."
- 6. He laughed so loud that his laugh I heard: "How can you be such a stupid bird? What are your wings for, tell me, pray, But to bear you from tempest and cold away?
- 7. "Merrily off to the South I'll fly,
 In search of the summer, by and by,
 And warmth and beauty I'll find anew;
 O white dove fair, will you follow, too?"
 - 8. But she cooed content on the sunny eaves,
 And looked askance at the reddening leaves;
 While low I whispered, "O white dove true,
 I'll feed you, and love you the winter through!"

- Selected.

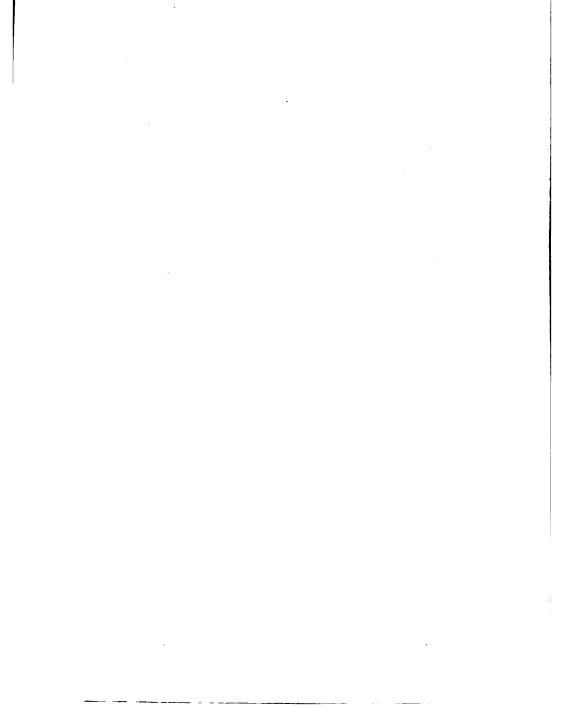
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"I'll feed you and love you —"



LX. THE LITTLE MATCH-BOY

- I. One very cold day, not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel. A little boy with a thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came to them and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches?"
- 2. "No, I don't want any," answered one of the gentlemen.
- 3. "But they are only a penny a box," pleaded the poor little fellow.
- 4. "Yes, but, you see, we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.
- 5. "Then I will give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said, at last.
- 6. "So, to get rid of him," said the gentleman to me, "I bought a box. Then, finding I had no change, I said to him, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.'
- 7. "'Oh, please buy them to-night,' the boy pleaded again: 'I will run and get you the change, for I am very hungry.'

- 8. "So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. I thought I had lost my shilling; still, there was something in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think ill of him.
- 9. "Late in the evening I was told that a little boy wanted to see me. I found, when he was brought in, it was a smaller brother of the boy who had taken my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor.
- 10. "He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman who bought the matches from Sandy?'
 - 11. "'Yes.'
- 12. "'Well, then, here are fourpence out of your shilling. Sandy cannot come; he's very sick. A cart ran over him and knocked him down.
- 13. "'He lost his cap and matches and sevenpence of your money. Both his legs were broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's all.'

- 14. "I fed the little fellow, and then went with him to see Sandy. I found that the two children lived almost alone, for their father and mother were dead.
- 15. "Poor Sandy was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I went in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, but the horse knocked me down, and both of my legs are broken! Oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I'm sure I'm dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?'
- 16. "Then I took him by the hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up to me as if to thank me. Then the light went out of the blue eyes."

- DEAN STANLEY.

If all had the high sense of honor of Sandy, we should have a better world to live in. Write in a few words what you think of his devotion to his promise.

LXI. THE CLOUDS

- On the grass in the meadow a little boy lay,
 With his face turned up to the sky,
 And he watched the clouds as far away
 They lazily floated by.
- 2. "I love you, clouds," the little boy said;
 "You look so pretty and white;
 And you keep the sun from my face and head

When he shines too fierce and bright.

- 3. "Sometimes you look like a flock of doves Flying far, far away,
 - Or feathers plucked from their downy breasts,

Or little white lambs at play.

4. "Sometimes there are heaps of foam and snow,

And fishes, dogs, and sheep,
With bridges and other things that I know,
As over the heavens you sweep.

- 5. "Sometimes you look like the sails of a ship, With the blue sky for the sea,I am lonely, clouds, and I love you so!Do come and play with me!"
- 6. The white clouds heard as they floated by,
 And they thought they would like to go
 And play awhile with the little boy
 Who seemed to love them so.
- 7. So they gathered thickly over his head,
 And before he looked again,
 The little clouds came tumbling down
 In a pelting shower of rain.
- 8. The thirsty buds and the drooping flowers
 Were glad that the shower had come;
 But the little boy jumped up and ran
 As fast as he could for home.
- 9. Next day the little boy looked again,And said as the clouds sailed by,"I love you, clouds, but I love you bestWhen you stay away up in the sky."

LXII. LIVING IN THE CITY

- I. City people, because there are so many of them living very close together, have to have houses quite different from those of people who live out in the country, where there is plenty of room.
- 2. Houses are built right up to each other, with not much more wall between them than is needed to separate two rooms. They are built this way in long rows, and each house is very high as well, with rooms for two or more families on each floor.
- 3. That is the way what are called "flat houses" are built, and each floor, or each suite of rooms, is called a flat.
- 4. Bessie Henderson is a little city girl who lives in a flat. There are six rooms to the flat Bessie lives in, and four such "flats" on each floor, and six floors. How many families, then, can live in the building?
 - 5. Bessie has a little bedroom that is all her

own, because there are no other children in the family. There is no room for help, so the cook goes home every night and comes back early in the morning.

- 6. Poor Bessie has to keep what she calls very still most of the time. The landlord will not let her romp much. If she ran and tumbled about and shouted in her play as freely as country children may, the other tenants would complain of the noise.
- 7. She cannot play in the halls or on the stoop, and there is no garden to play in. Her only play place is the roof. This, however, is made safe for the children.
- 8. There is a railing like a fence all around it. So there is no danger that they will fall off. There is a floor of slats laid on it, to run about upon.
- 9. The children can play at hide and seek. They hide behind the chimneys. They can play tag, too, and many other games. But they cannot play on the roof when the sun is hot.

- 10. Bessie likes the kitchen almost as well as the roof. She says it is the liveliest room in the flat. There is always something going on there.
- Beneath it is a button. When the bell sounds, the little girl runs to the kitchen. She presses the button. This opens the street door. Bessie knows that some one is waiting there to come in.
- 12. The visitor hears the door-opener click. Then there is nothing to do but push the door open, enter the hall and go up in the elevator to the right flat.
- 13. Soon Bessie hears another bell. Then she runs to the hall door, opens it, and lets the caller in.
- 14. Sometimes Bessie hears a loud whistle. This, too, is in the kitchen. It means "Come to the dumb waiter." Bessie runs, but the cook is there before her.
- 15. The dumb waiter is a little closet. Most closets stand still. This one goes up and down from the top of the house to the bottom. It

hangs on a rope, by which it is pulled up and down.

- 16. The cook calls down, "Who is it?" Sometimes it is the grocer. He places the groceries in the dumb waiter and pulls them up. The cook takes them off, examines them, and calls down, "All right!"
- 17. One day she put Bessie in the dumb waiter, let her all the way down, and then pulled her up again.
- 18. "I want to go higher," said Bessie. So the cook pulled the rope. Up went the little girl to the top of the house. Then the cook pulled her down and took her off. Bessie thought this fine fun.
- 19. When mamma heard about it, she forbade Bessie to ride in the dumb waiter again, saying the rope might break.
- 20. "After all," said Bessie, "one trip out to cousin Joe's farm is better than forty rides in the dumb waiter."

LXIII. THE BLIND GIRL

- Bertha was a little maid
 Wrapped in blindness' awful shade;
 Yet her face was all alight
 With a smile surpassing bright.
- 2. "Bertha, tell," I said one day,
 "Why you look so glad and gay,
 Brimming full of happiness.
 What's the joy? I cannot guess."
- 3. In a tone of wondering,
 Speaking thoughtfully and slow,
 "Why," she said, "I didn't know
 There had happened anything"—
 Here her laughter rippled out—
 "To be looking sad about!"

- Selected.

Even the blind girl could make for herself a "heaven within."

Write a composition on "The Duty of Cheerfulness."

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS

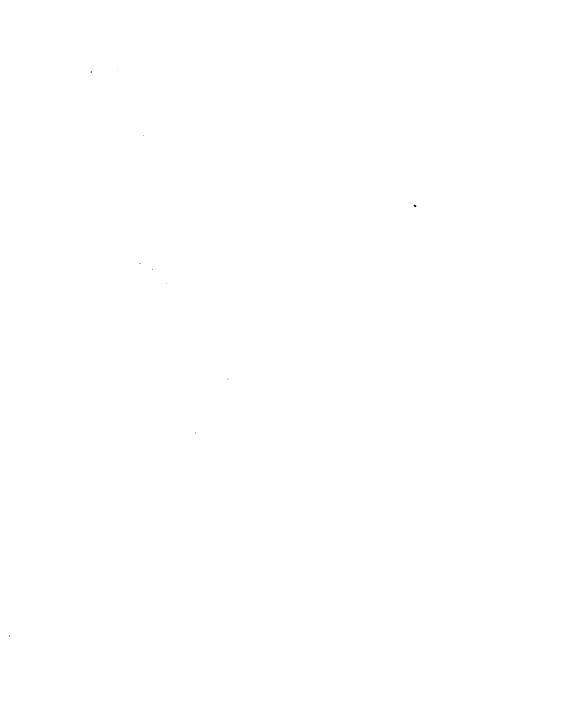
- I know a funny little boy,The happiest ever born;His face is like a beam of joy,Although his clothes are torn.
- 2. I saw him tumble on his nose,
 And waited for a groan;
 But how he laughed! Do you suppose
 He struck his funny bone?
- 3. There's sunshine in each word he speaks, His laugh is good to hear; Its ripples overrun his cheeks And shine from ear to ear.
- 4. He laughs the moment he awakes,
 And till the day is done;
 The schoolroom for a joke he takes,
 His lessons are but fun.
- 5. No matter how the day may go,
 You cannot make him cry;
 He's worth a dozen boys I know,
 Who pout, and mope, and sigh. Selected.

LXIV. HOW THE LITTLE FINCHES WERE SAVED

- 1. A mother finch had her nest in the grass. One would say it was foolishly near the footpath. You shall judge of that for yourselves.
- 2. The baby finches were still young and helpless. All they knew how to do was to open their mouths very wide for the morsels of food their mother brought them, and to peep loudly to let her know they were always hungry.
- 3. The busy little mother waited upon them happily all day. She had no sooner dropped a nice, fat insect into one little throat than she flew off in search of another insect.
- 4. When the baby finches heard the flutter of her returning wings, they would set up a chorus which must have meant, "Here we are! Right here! And do hurry, please, for we haven't had a meal for at least three minutes, and we are nearly starved!"
 - 5. There was no danger that the mother finch



A family of crows. Tell what you know about them.



would not be able to find her nest on returning to it, but there was great danger that some one less kind might find it, too. So she was always on the watch.

- 6. One day, just as she was about to fly away in search of one more unlucky insect, she heard a great sound of whistling. "That is no bird!" said she, and cocked her head to listen.
- 7. It was Dick-the-Trapper coming down the path, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a merry tune. The boys called him Dick-the-Trapper because whenever he set a trap for the robins, his great, fat, black-and-white rabbit came hopping out of it when he lifted it next morning.
- 8. Now, it must be admitted that Dick was a rather meddlesome boy, and might not have left the little grass finches in their nest if he had found them. Mrs. Finch was not well acquainted with him, but she suspected his tricks and thought it best to be on the safe side—or at least to keep her children there.
 - 9. "I will make him think he can easily catch

me," she said to herself. "Then he will follow me wherever I lead him, instead of coming too near my precious nestlings."

- 10. To carry out her plan, she fluttered across the path in Dick's full sight, with one wing beating the ground as if lame, and uttering the most piteous cries. It was not hard to make her voice sound frightened, for in truth her little heart beat with terror, thinking what might happen to her babies if her trick should fail.
- 11. "Oh, a wounded bird!" exclaimed Dick-the-Trapper. "I'll take it home and make a pet of it." And he really meant to be kind in his way to the poor little thing; only his way would have been never to let it go free again. So you will agree with me that Mrs. Finch was wise to keep out of his clutches, as she did.
- 12. Dick, of course, made a jump for her, first thing. But she managed to escape his grasp, and to flutter a little distance, as if in great pain. Dick pushed the bushes aside and followed her; but just as he was about to put

his cap over her with a quick motion, she escaped him again in the same way, all the time uttering the same piteous cries.

- 13. It seemed as if it would require only a little patience to capture her, so Dick kept up the chase. In this way, she led him farther and farther from the dear nest in the grass, where the hungry little finches were awaiting her return, with their lusty voices all in tune. He must not hear those eager cries for food, or they might never know the taste of another meal.
- 14. On and on the brave mother bird led poor Dick, who had never been tricked by a grass finch before. At last, the ground in the thicket grew soft, and Dick, had he been wise, would have given up the chase. But the "wounded bird" now seemed so nearly tired out that he expected to put his hand on her at the next trial.
- 15. He made one more jump, and sank ankle-deep in a swamp. The grass finch sud-

denly flew to the branch above him with a cry of relief and joy. She cocked her little head first on one side and then on the other, to look down at him and see how he got out.

16. It was plain that, at least, he would go home with a pair of very muddy boots. Caring little for this, but knowing that he was now far enough away from her birdlings, mother grass finch left him to rescue himself as best he could, and went about her own happy business.

- FANNIE LASCOMB.

LXV. OUR BABY

Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

- And to me
 All her little ways are witty;
 When she sings her little ditty,
 Every word is just as pretty
 As can be—
 Not another in the city
 Sweet as she.
- 3. You don't think so? never saw her?

 Wish you could

 See her with her playthings clattering,
 Hear her little tongue a-chattering,
 Little dancing feet come pattering —

 Think you would
 Love her just as well as I do,

 If you could!
- Every grandma's only darling,
 I suppose,

 Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
 Is a treasure to her bosom,

Is as cheering and endearing,
As my Rose.

Heavenly Father, spare them to us,
Till life's close.

- Selected.

GOOD COUNSEL

- Guard, my child, thy tongue,
 That it speak no wrong;
 Let no evil word pass o'er it;
 Set the watch of truth before it.
 That it speak no wrong,
 Guard, my child, thy tongue.
- 2. Guard, my child, thine eyes;
 Prying is not wise;
 Let them look on what is right;
 From all evil turn their sight.
- Guard, my child, thine ear;
 Wicked words will sear;
 Let no evil words come in
 That may cause the soul to sin.

4. Ear, and eye, and tongue, Guard while thou art young; For, alas! these busy three Can unruly members be. Guard, while thou art young, Ears, and eyes, and tongue.

LXVI THE SECRET CHAMBER

- 1. Rupert was only a little boy, and yet before his father went off to the wars he took him aside and told him a secret which hardly anybody else in the Castle knew.
- 2. "I tell you, my boy, because I can trust you not to talk about it, and it may be that one day you will need to make use of the secret yourself."
- 3. Then, taking him by the hand, the Knight led the way into a great paneled chamber, which was only used upon state occasions, when there was dancing and revelry in the house, and he showed him a little spring, carefully concealed

amid the carvings of the great chimney piece, which, when pressed, made one of the panels spring open, and underneath the panel a handle could be seen.

- 4. The father then turned this handle, and a piece of the wall opened, and they passed into a narrow passage behind the room, and by and by reached a little secret chamber, where a man might lie hidden for a long time without any one who did not know the secret being able to find him.
- 5. "Now, Rupert," said his father, "this is the secret chamber of the Castle, of which, I dare say, you have often heard; but not only is there this room, which few people know of, but there is another door here, which opens upon a winding stair, and down into an underground passage, leading right out under the Castle and to the river itself.
- 6. "I am going to show you where, because it may be some day, whilst I am away, that Cromwell's soldiers will come and threaten the Castle,

or even force a way in, or surround it so that you could not get out to seek help; and if such a thing as that should happen, I want you to know a way to outwit them. You could slip away through this secret chamber and through the passage I shall show you, and by making your way across the fells, you could reach the houses of our friends and ask their aid, which I am sure they would give in time of need. And by care and cleverness you could bring them back into the Castle by this hidden way, and take the enemy by surprise from the inside."

7. Rupert was much excited at seeing this strange underground way; and he promised to remember every word his father had spoken, and to do everything he had been told. The very next day the Knight kissed his wife and children good-by, and rode away to join the King's standard; and the days and weeks rolled rather wearily by, with but little news to those left behind.

- 8. At first Rupert's mother had kept the children very closely behind their strong stone walls, being afraid of enemies who might be lurking around the Castle; but as time went by and nothing happened, Rupert would often wander about by himself beyond the grounds of the Castle, and thus it was that one day he was suddenly set upon by a party of Roundheads, who sprang out of the thicket and caught him unawares.
- 9. "Now, boy, we don't want to do you any mischief, but you must first tell us something, and then we'll let you go. There's a secret chamber or passage somewhere to this house, and we've reason to believe that some traitor is hiding there. Just show us the place, and let us search it, and we'll let you go home again without doing you any harm."
- 10. "I won't tell you," he proudly answered; "I promised father I would not. You can kill me if you like, but I won't tell."
 - 11. It was not a very wise speech, for it told

the men that Rupert knew the secret. They were in haste and their commands had been urgent. One of the troopers had a heavy whip in his hands; he looked at the boy and at the leader of the band, who was scowling fiercely.

- 12. "Boy, do you see that?" said the leader.
 "If I tell my man to lay it across your shoulders you'll soon tell us what you know; but I'd rather not be forced to use it unless you are obstinate."
- 13. Rupert set his teeth hard. "I won't tell you a word!" he said.
- 14. Then suddenly there was a great crashing of underbrush beneath the feet of horses. Up from the very ground at their feet, as it seemed, sprang a band of riders with flowing lovelocks, and Rupert, with a cry of "Father! Father!" flung himself into the Knight's arms.
- 15. The Roundheads turned, and made off as fast as their legs would carry them. They had heard that there were Royalist fugitives making for the Castle, and that had been true a few

days earlier. But now the Royalists had been reinforced, and a gallant band had posted themselves in the woods to try and trap the Roundheads.

16. They had heard and seen all that had passed, and the horsemen rode helter-skelter after the flying foes, whilst the Knight held his little son proudly in his arms and told the gentlemen and friends who stayed with him the story of his charge to Rupert about the secret chamber.

- Selected.

LXVII. ROVER

- I. Old Rover is the nimblest dog
 That ever ran a race;
 His ear so quick, his foot so fleet,
 And such an honest face.
- 2. My playmate he, in every sport,The moment I begin:He's always ready for a race,And always sure to win.

- 3. One day, he stole my hat, and ran
 Away across the plain;
 While loudly laughed a boy and man
 Who saw me chase in vain.
- 4. So, tired at last, I sat me down
 Upon a green grass plat,
 When quick, old Rover turned about,
 And brought me back my hat.
- 5. At home, abroad, where'er I go,
 There Rover's sure to be;
 There never was a kinder dog,
 Than he has been to me.

-Selected

A RIDDLE

There is a little giantOf wondrous power and skill,Who can paint a dainty landscapeOr bridge a lake at will.

- 2. He can make each little flower
 Bow down its pretty head;
 The bright, green leaves, when he goes by,
 Turn yellow, brown, and red.
- 3. He can pile the ice in mountains,Or shape a crystal feather.He can break the rocks in pieces,Or bring us wintry weather.
- 4. But, if you wish this giant
 To turn and run away,
 Just build a little fire,
 Or bring a sunny day.

— Selected.

LXVIII. HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE

1. My friend, James, went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a sick child, who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even a sick person.

- 2. While he waited for his change, a little boy, six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread."
- 3. The woman climbed upon the counter, took from the shelf the best loaf she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.
 - 4. "Have you any money?" asked she.
- 5. The little boy's eyes grew sad. "No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it tomorrow."
- 6. "Run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."
- 7. "Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.
- 8. My friend came forward for his change. He was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be halfway home, standing behind him.

- 9. "What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"
 - 10. "Oh, yes, ma'am!" said the child.
- 11. "Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."
- 12. The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.
- 13. The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" she said.
- 14. "Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"
 - 15. "There is no singing," said she.
- 16. "Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek!" My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

- 17. "It is a bird," said the little fellow, "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."
- 18. "No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven and they like to see the fire."
 - 19. The child's face lighted up.
- 20. "Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."
- 21. "A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."
- 22. "O ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother wouldn't cry any more."

- 23. "Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer keep silent.
- 24. "She owes so much, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay all her bills."
 - 25. My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, in his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse, where she made her husband catch four. She put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe, and gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.
 - 26. When the boy had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they, both together. Then she took down her account book, and finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."



Tell the story you see in the picture.

F. Defregger.

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- 27. My friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket-boy, with her bill receipted, and a note in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.
- 28. The baker's boy, with long legs, was given the note and told to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.
- 29. The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken.
- 30. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortune?

 —From the French.

LXIX. THE VIOLET

- I. Down in a green and shady bed
 A modest violet grew;
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
 As if to hide from view.
- And yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its colors bright and fair;
 It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.
- 3. Yet there it was content to bloom, In modest tints arrayed; And there it spread its sweet perfume Within the silent shade.
- 4. Then let me to the valley go,

 This pretty flower to see,

 That I may also learn to grow

 In sweet humility.

— Jane Taylor

THE WAVES ON THE SEASHORE

- 1. Roll on, roll on, you restless waves, That toss about and roar! Why do you all run back again When you have reached the shore?
- 2. Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
 Roll higher up the strand!
 How is it that you cannot pass
 That line of yellow sand?
- 3. Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
 Make haste, you noisy sea;
 Roll quite across the bank, and then
 Far on across the lea!
- 4. "We must not dare," the waves reply;

 "That line of yellow sand

 Is laid along the shore to bound

 The waters and the land."
- 5. And all should keep to time and place,
 And all should keep to rule;
 Both waves upon the sandy shore,
 And children gay at school. Selected.

LXX. THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

I

- I. It was bitter cold. It snowed, and began to grow dark. It was the last evening in the old year, New Year's Eve.
- 2. Through the cold street, in the growing darkness, went a poor little girl with bare head and naked feet. When she left home, she had worn slippers, but of what use were they? They were very large slippers, which had been her mother's.
- 3. So large were they that they fell from her feet as she hurried across the street to avoid being run over by two great wagons. One she could not find again, and a naughty boy picked up the other and ran off with it, saying he was going to make a cradle of it for the baby.
- 4. So the poor little girl went on in her bare feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a basket of matches for sale, and held one little box of them in her hand.

- 5. All day long, no one had bought any, and no one had given her anything. The snowflakes lay on her long, yellow hair. She was hungry, and half frozen, and very miserable.
- 6. In a corner where one house came out a little farther into the street than another, she sat down to hide from the wind. She dared not go home, because she had not sold her matches and she feared her father would beat her.
- 7. Besides, it was cold at home. The roof was close above her, and the wind swept through the holes in it, though the largest were stopped with straw and rags. She drew her feet up under her as she sat on the cold stones, but they grew colder and colder. Her little hands were nearly frozen.
- 8. "Oh," thought she, "what a nice, little flame a match would make if I dared strike one! I could warm my hands at it." And presently she took one from the box in her hand and drew it across the cold stone wall of the house.

- 9. How it spluttered, and how brightly it burned! She curled her hands about it to get the heat, and the flame lit the little lantern they made, oh, so gloriously!
- 10. It seemed to the poor child that she sat before a great stove, with brass feet and ornaments. The fire cheered and warmed her. She stretched out her feet, to warm them, too. But out went the flame; the stove disappeared, and she sat in the cold street with a burned match in her hand.

II

- 11. She struck another. It blazed up brightly, and where its light fell upon the wall she thought she could see through into a beautiful room. There stood a table with a white cloth and china, and on it steamed a roast goose, stuffed with plums and apples.
- 12. Better than all, the goose sprang down from the dish, and waddled over the floor to the hungry child, knife and fork sticking in its back!

As she reached out her hand, the match went out, and there was only the cold stone wall.

- 13. She struck another match. Now she sat under a lovely Christmas tree. It was larger and handsomer than those she had seen through the windows of the rich at Christmas time. Many thousand candles burned on its green branches, and pretty pictures, like those she had seen in the store windows, looked down upon her.
- 14. But just as she was about to help herself, the flame burned out, the tree disappeared, and the candles turned to stars in the distant sky. One star fell, and made a long streak of light through the darkness of the night.
- 15. "Now some one is dying!" thought the little one; for her grandmother, the only one that had ever loved her, had said, "When a star falls, then a soul is passing up to heaven." After that, her grandmother had died, and left her with no one in the world to be kind to her.
- · 16. She lighted another match. In the glow it made, she saw her grandmother floating down

to her, smiling and kind. "Grandmother!" cried the child. "Oh, take me with you! I know that you, too, will go when the light goes out, like the warm stove, and the fine roast goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree!"

- 17. She hastened to strike another match to keep the light a-going. Then another, and another, for she wanted to hold her grandmother fast. The matches made a light brighter than day.
- 18. The grandmother had never been so beautiful and large. She took the child in her arms and bore her away, up, up, up, to where she could never feel cold or hunger again, for she was in heaven.
- 19. But in the morning they found a little girl lying very still and cold in the corner where the two walls came together, and they said she was dead. They saw the burned matches, and said, "Poor child! She tried to warm herself!" But no one knew what she had seen, or with whom she had gone away in time for the happy New Year's Day.

 HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



Write a story of this picture.



LXXI. HONEST AND TRUE

- Not many can stand in the sunlight, 'Neath skies ever arching and blue, The children of fame and of fortune, But all can be honest and true.
- 3. It is pleasant to stand with the highest,
 If only to share in their view;
 To be friends with the best and the wisest,
 But 'tis more to be honest and true.
- 4. We may not be wise as a Solon,
 We may not be rich as the few,
 Or as grand as a king or a sultan,
 But let us be honest and true.

BOYS WANTED

- Boys of spirit, boys of will,
 Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
 Fit to cope with anything,
 These are wanted every hour.
- 2. Not the weak and whining drones,
 Who all troubles magnify,
 Not the watchword of "I can't,"
 But the nobler one, "I'll try."
- 3. Do whate'er you have to do,With a true and earnest zeal;Bend your sinews to the task,"Put your shoulder to the wheel."
- 4. Though your duty may be hard,
 Look not on it as an ill;
 If it be an honest task,
 Do it with an honest will.
- 5. In the workshop, on the farm,
 Or wherever you may be,
 From your future efforts, boys,
 Comes a nation's destiny.

 Selected.

LXXII. JEWEL, THE DRAKE

- 1. Chip, chip, crack! Out crept a little duckling from an egg.
- 2. "Dear me! Where am I now?" said the duckling. "What is this?"
 - 3. "This is the world," said his mother.
- 4. "The world seems a pleasant place," thought the duckling. He could see the beautiful blue sky and the soft white clouds. The grass beneath his feet felt fresh and cool.
- 5. Soon his mother led him and the other little ducklings down to the pond. "Now, children, you must learn to swim," she said. "Watch me, and do as I do."
- 6. So they tried to do as she did. Soon they all swam about the beautiful pond.
- 7. "How nice it is to be alive in such a glorious place!" thought our duckling, as he swam about in the cool water.
 - 8. Every evening the ducklings went back to

the farmyard to sleep in the warm straw. In the morning they rose with the sun. They pecked about the yard and field. Then they waddled back to the pond.

- 9. There they swam and splashed and dived. They tried to catch the shining flies that darted about over the water. They hunted for worms and snails.
- 10. One morning our duckling found himself shut up in a dark place. He had hardly room to turn around. His sisters were trembling near him. He could hear the "quack, quack" of Mother Duck in the gloom.
- 11. By and by the prisoners were let out of this dark place. They could see the blue sky and green grass again. There was a pond twenty times as big as the one they had seen.
- 12. "A new world!" thought our duckling, and away he swam to learn all its wonders.
- 13. He saw some beautiful birds with great curving wings and long necks.
 - 14. "Those are swans," said his mother;

- "they are very grand, but they are cross things. Do not go near them."
- 15. Little Patty came every day to feed the birds with crumbs. How they all crowded around her! She was such a gentle little creature.
- 16. "I like you best, you little dear!" said Patty to our duckling. "You are not rude and greedy like the others. You are growing so beautiful too.
- 17. "I shall call you Jewel, for your head and neck are like a sparkling stone. I think you must be a little wild duck."
- 18. Jewel and Patty grew to be great friends. He would go up the path to meet her; then he would take the corner of her apron in his bill and walk beside her.
- 19. By and by the cool fall days came. One morning there was a newcomer on the lake. He was as beautiful as Jewel, but wild and shy.
- 20. "Where have you come from?" asked Jewel.

- 21. "I came from the cold north, because Giant Winter has frozen the sea with his icy breath."
 - 22. "The sea! what is the sea?"
- 23. "It is a great pond," said his new friend, "miles and miles long."
 - 24. "Bigger than this?" asked Jewel.
- 25. "Do you call this big?" said the wild duck. "This is nothing; this is not the world. You must come with me in the spring. You are one of us; I see it by your coat."
- 26. The wild duck told Jewel many stories about the sea and the snow fields of the north.
- 27. One night in early spring a strange cry was heard. The wild duck said it was the cry of his friends.
- 28. They were gathering for their journey and he must go with them.
- 29. Then Jewel felt a great longing to go, too. He spread his strong wings and flew away.
- 30. After many days Jewel saw the great sea, with its tossing waves, and heard its loud roar.

- 31. Jewel and his friends flew on till they reached a bed of reeds in the far north.
- 32. There they stayed all summer, where the great sun never seemed to set.
- 33. There they built their nests and reared their little ducklings.
- 34. Jewel often thought of Patty and wondered if she were sorry that he was gone.
- 35. By and by the time came to go south. First the mother birds and the little ones went. The male birds soon followed.
- 36. One day Jewel and his friend were swimming about together. "Well, Jewel," said he, "are you not glad you came—"
 - 37. He never finished his speech.
- 38. Bang! bang! a great noise burst out near them.
- 39. The wild duck fell over upon the water. Up rose all the birds with screams of fear.
- 40. "I will go home," thought Jewel; "I will go home."
 - 41. Patty had been ill in the winter. When

she was strong enough she went down to the lake.

- 42. "Dear Jewel!" she sobbed; "where are you?"
- 43. "He is off with the other wild ducks," said the gardener. "Perhaps he will come back in the autumn."
- 44. And now the autumn had come. Patty came to the lake to feed the ducks and swans.
- 45. She thought of her pet. "Oh, Jewel," she said, "won't you come back soon?"
- 46. Just then she heard a flutter of wings and felt a gentle pull.
- 47. Looking down, she saw Jewel beside her with the corner of her apron in his beak.
- 48. "Oh, Jewel, you darling!" she cried; "you have come back at last."
- 49. Jewel swam round and said, "How do you do?" to all of his friends.
- 50. "Well," said the swans, "now you have seen the world, what do you think of it?"



"Patty came to the lake —"

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51. "It is all very beautiful," said Jewel with a sigh, as he thought of his friend; "but after all there is no place like home."

- From In the Springtime.

LXXIII. HUNTING EGGS

- "Who wants to hunt eggs?"
 Shouted Charley the bold.
 "Who wants to go climb on the hay?"
 "Oh, I!" "Yes, and I!"
 Clamored Fannie and Will,
 "Me, too!" pleaded three-year-old May.
- 2. So they rushed to the barn,
 Helter-skelter, and soon
 Were diving about with a zest,
 In the corners and rafters,
 The mangers and hay,
 To see who could find the first nest.
- 3. "And who gets the most eggs
 Shall beg Grandma to bake
 A cake we can share all around,"

So Fannie suggested;
The boys cried, "Hurrah!
We'll have every egg to be found!"

- About like a cat,

 And soon counted, "One, two, three, four!"

 And then with the pearly-white

 Eggs in his hat,

 Slid carefully down to the floor.
- 5. "There's a nest!" Fannie cried,
 From far up on the mow,
 "Right here in the hay! One, two, three!"
 And in her white apron
 She gathered them up,
 As happy and glad as could be.
- 6. "Old Speckle's on mine!"
 Shouted Will; but just then,
 With a cackle, away the hen flew.
 "Dear me!" said poor Will,
 "I was sure I would beat—
 And here I have only got two!"

- "Where's May?" they all questioned,
 "Oh, where has she gone?"
 "Here, here I is! I'se foun' a nes'!"
 And her curly brown head
 From the manger popped up,
 Just under the nose of Black Bess.
- 8. "Oh! oh! sit still, May,
 Or the horsey may bite!"
 But she counted, "One, two, fee, four, five!"
 And they rushed to her rescue
 With laugh and with shout—
 "She's got the most, sure as you're 'live!"
- 9. But there she was sitting
 In sweetest content,
 And down in her snug little lap
 Five soft little kitties
 Lay rolled into balls
 Contentedly taking a nap.

- Selected.

LXXIV. WISHING

I

- I. "Oh, dear! Why aren't there fairies any more?" said Wishee-Nishee in her most discontented voice.
- 2. "Mamma says there are," said Little Give-It-Away, but her tones faltered a little.
- 3. "Oh yes, I know! She means the sunbeams and Jack Frost and all those silly people that aren't people at all," said Wishee-Nishee impatiently. "I mean the real old-fashioned fairies that used to dance by moonlight and come before you just when you were wishing for something—so tiny and beautiful, and dressed like the dearest little dolls—and give you three wishes that all came out just as you wanted them to."
- 4. "Yes, that would be nice," agreed Little Give-It-Away, who sometimes dreamed of real fairies, and liked that kind of dream better than any other.

- 5. "It would be something *like!*" cried Wishee-Nishee. "And as for wishing, I know what I'd do. I'd only need one wish, and after that I'd have every wish I wished all the rest of my life."
- 6. "What would you do?" asked Little Give-It-Away with awe. She nearly always followed Wishee-Nishee in their talks, being too timid to lead.
- 7. "I'd wish for a wishing cap!" said Wishee-Nishee triumphantly.
- 8. "Why, that's so!" exclaimed Little Give-It-Away. "I never thought of that. So you would really need only one wish straight from the fairy."
- 9. "Yes, and just think! Whenever I wanted the fairy again, or other fairies to come and play with me, I would only have to put on my cap and wish for them."
- 10. "I wish I could play all the ways you like so that you wouldn't need the fairies for playmates," said Little Give-It-Away wistfully.

- 11. "Oh, you goosie!" cried her sister, hugging her. "You do play just lovely, but you are only one. Just think how delightful it would be if we could have a whole party, all in a minute, just by wishing for it. But you mustn't take to wishing. That's my business. Ask Major. Didn't he name me for that? Wishing makes one unhappy."
- 12. "Then why do you wish so much? You know I never call you Wishee-Nishee."
- 13. "No, because you're not a tease, like Major. He never wishes for anything oh no!"
- 14. "I don't think he sits still and wishes. He's always doing something. His wishing doesn't make him unhappy. But there are fairies, sister. I've seen 'em!" And Little Give-It-Away crept close to her twin and looked up into her eyes beggingly.
- 15. "You have!" gasped Wishee-Nishee in wonder, for the last thing she could doubt was Little Give-It-Away's word. "Oh yes, I know—in your dreams," she added disappointedly.



"If you can have pretty dreams —"



- 16. "Yes, but isn't that almost as good?" ventured Little Give-It-Away. "If you can have pretty dreams it makes you glad to go to sleep; and if a part of your time is spent that way, it's something, isn't it?"
- 17. "Oh yes, but it doesn't last. When you wake up there's nothing but things again."

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- 18. "Yes, but I think I like things, too. I think I like them best for most of the time. You can depend upon 'em. There's no knowing what fairies and goblins might do if they really came around. Think of being turned into something else, or having your playthings and plants and everything doing all sorts of queer things all the time."
- 19. "I know," said Wishee-Nishee. "Only I wish —"
- 20. "At it again!" laughed Major, passing in from the barn just in time to hear the words.

- 21. Wishee-Nishee laughed and turned to her sister, "Let's play something!"
- 22. That night while Wishee-Nishee floated off upon the sea of sleep Little Give-It-Away lay listening. When she was sure by her sister's breathing that deep sleep had come to her, she rose carefully on her knees in bed beside Wishee-Nishee's silent figure.
- 23. She looked down with wishful love upon the sleeping face, which she could barely see in the dim light, and softly shook her finger tips over it, as if covering Wishee-Nishee with the lightest and most playful of snowflakes.
- 24. "Dream of the fairies!" she whispered. "Sweet fairies, come to my sister in her dreams and make the sleeping half of her life very beautiful."
- 25. And Wishee-Nishee really did play in fairyland all that night.

⁻ Adapted from Wishee-Nishee and Little Give-It-Away.

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